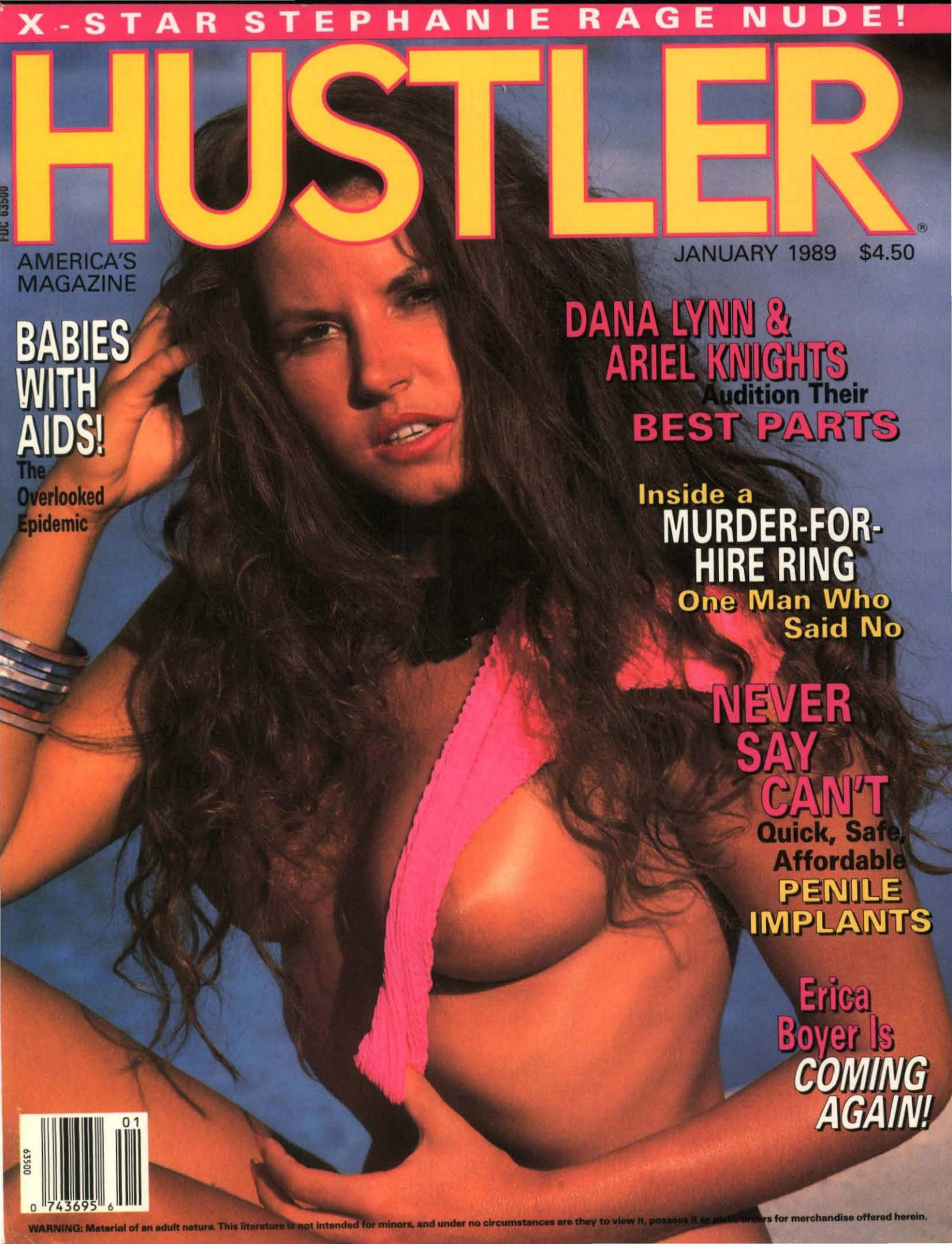
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HUSTLER®

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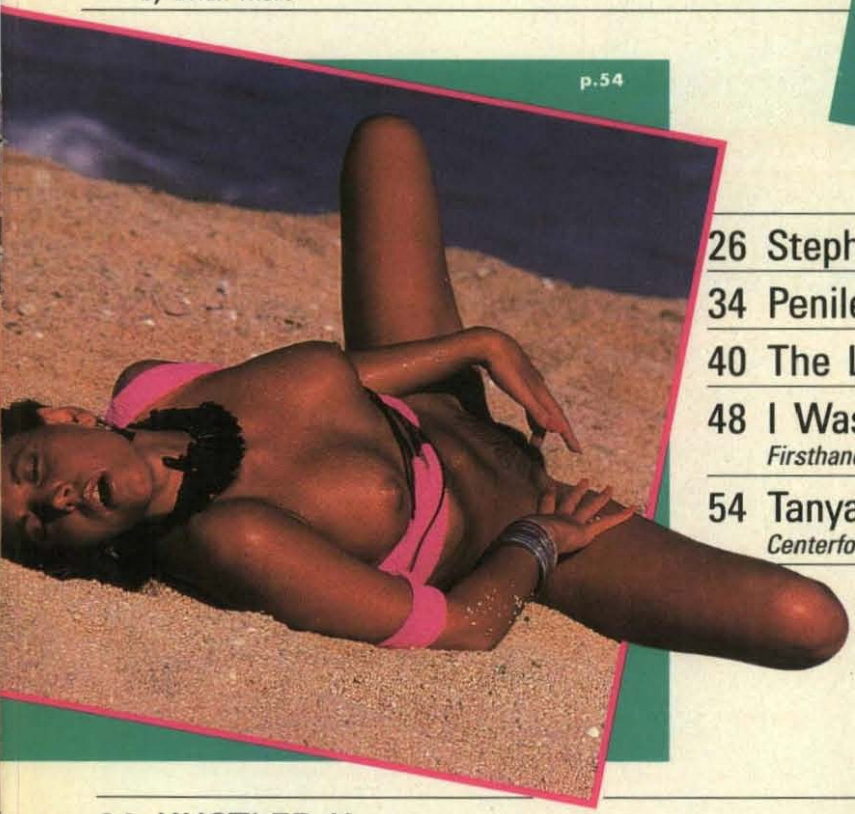
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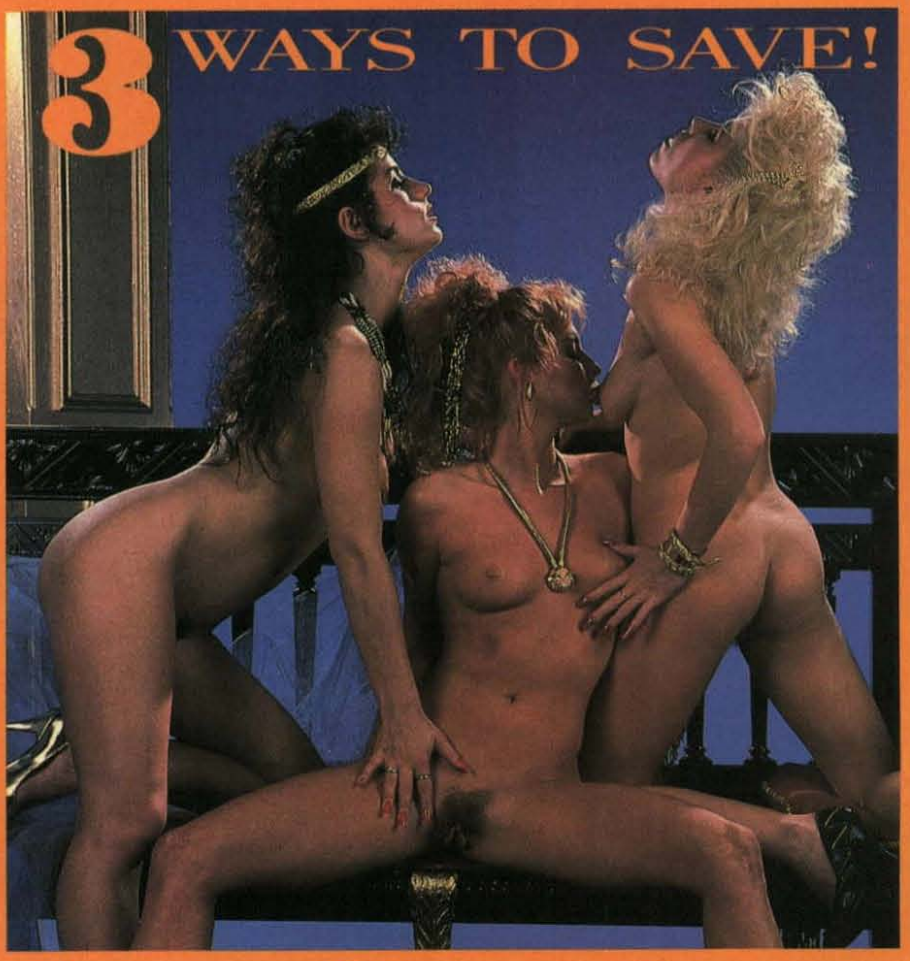
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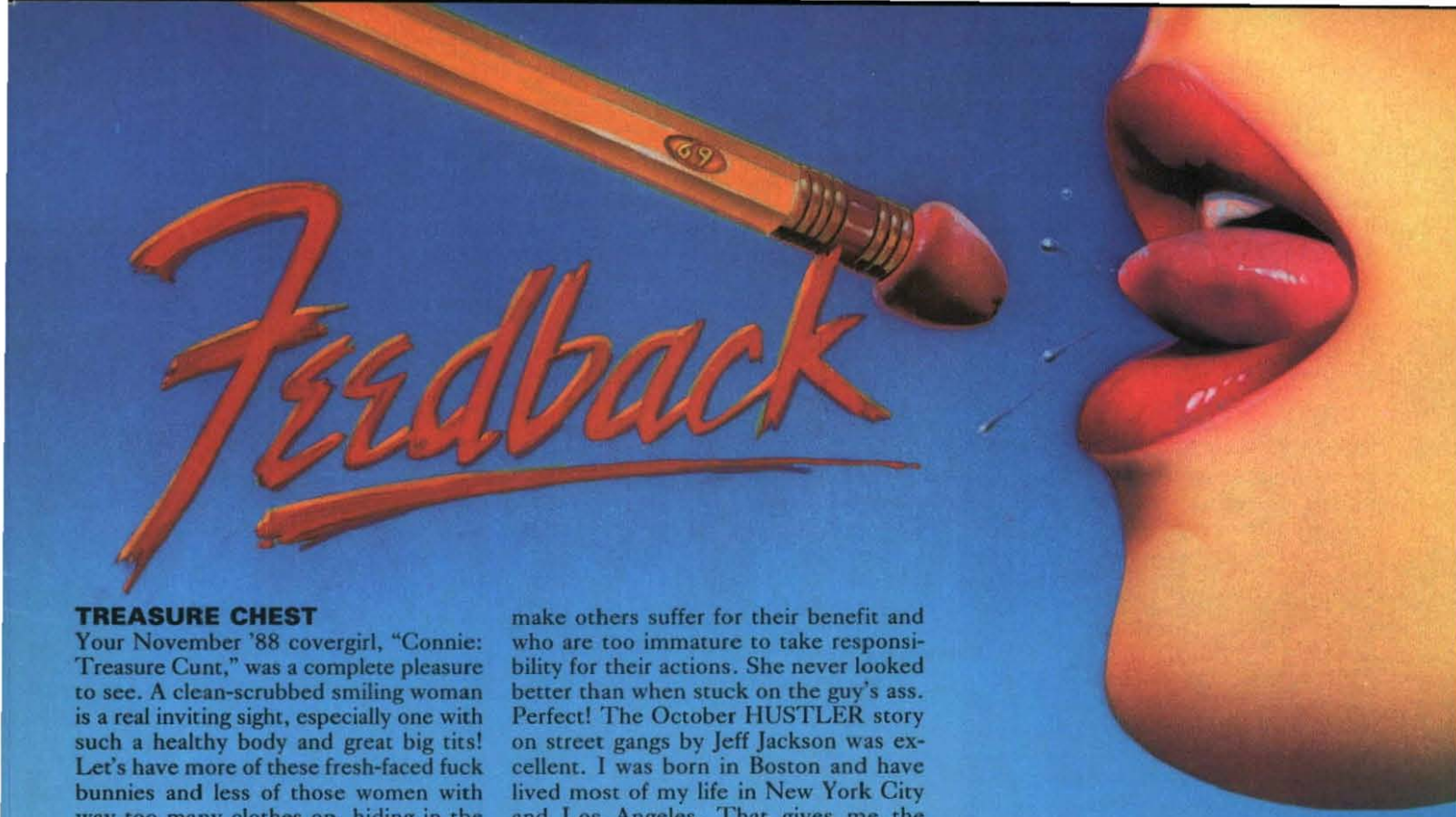
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HUSTLER JANUARY 1989 VOLUME 15 NUMBER 7

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Cover photo by Clive McLean



TREASURE CHEST

Your November '88 covergirl, "Connie: Treasure Cunt," was a complete pleasure to see. A clean-scrubbed smiling woman is a real inviting sight, especially one with such a healthy body and great big tits! Let's have more of these fresh-faced fuck bunnies and less of those women with way too many clothes on, hiding in the shadows. —L.C.

San Jose, California

VOTING NO FOR PRESIDENT

I'm impressed! November's twin *Assholes of the Month* [Bush and Dukakis] raised HUSTLER above its lowly status as a persecuted porn rag. Not even liberal tabloids like *The New York Times* would dare imitate your honest and clearheaded approach to electoral politics. The money men and power brokers would cut them off. Neither party gives a damn about the personal freedoms and economic future of ordinary people. Both parties want more government, more laws, more control over you and me. The whole hysterical '80s crowd—corporate Republicans, Bible thumpers, power-mad feminists and the soap-operatic media—have decided that We the People are just too dangerous to live our own lives and make our own choices. Let's "just say no" to both presidential cretins this time around. And let's begin working outside the parties to ensure that the Great Repression of the '80s doesn't become the Great Depression of the '90s! —J.W.B.

Lexington, Kentucky

GETTING HIS WORDS' WORTH

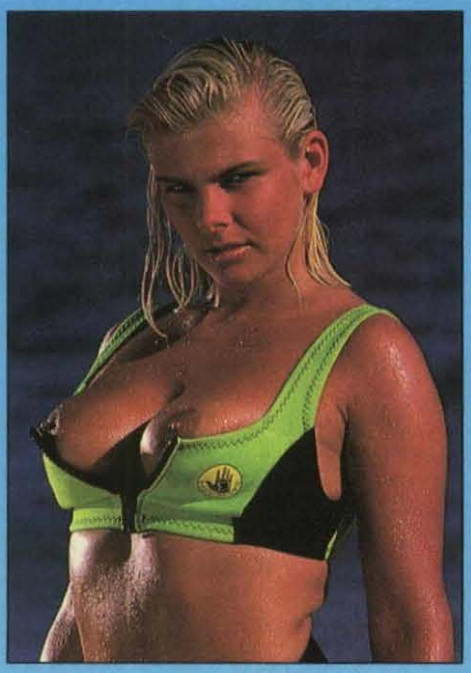
I have several things to say. First, thank you, HUSTLER, for having the balls to print Tim Robinson's story "Gringo in Paradox" [September '88]. Hard-hitting exposes and editorials are why I buy HUSTLER. Second, screw people like Traci Lords [*Asshole of the Month*], who make others suffer for their benefit and who are too immature to take responsibility for their actions. She never looked better than when stuck on the guy's ass. Perfect! The October HUSTLER story on street gangs by Jeff Jackson was excellent. I was born in Boston and have lived most of my life in New York City and Los Angeles. That gives me the authority to say this article was the most accurate account of gang activity I've ever read. Last and definitely not least, October's center-slut, "Severe Sara," was pretty good, even if the accompanying text was really stupid. —L.S.

Santa Maria, California

HOLY TRINITY! 10-POUND TITS?

Thank you, HUSTLER, for the layout of Trinity Loren in the October '88 issue. She is one of my favorite big-titted porno stars. I read somewhere that each of her tits weighs ten pounds. Lord, to have those on my face. I have long been a fan of T. Loren, back to her early, somewhat chubby days to her sleek, tanned form of today. Plus, you put her in black bra and stockings, which was devastating to me. Since you appear to be featuring more and more porno people in HUSTLER, how about a layout of the following ladies I've yet to see grace your pages: Tiffanie Storm, Tammy Reynolds, LeDawn? That's enough for a start. —C.B.C. III

Winchester, Virginia



Connie: Treasure Cunt

HEALTHY RESPONSES

The October '88 *Beaver Hunt* featured the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Gina has a body I would die to fuck. —J.K.

Towanda, Pennsylvania

I buy HUSTLER every month, and I enjoy *Beaver Hunt* very much. I enjoyed the September issue because of Deb, from Charleston, Illinois, with her beautiful wide-spread pussy. She has made my cock hard at least ten times. I also fantasize about fucking her with the help of my vibrator on my cock. —N.O.M.

Lima, Ohio

EVERYONE'S A CRITIC

HUSTLER's film reviews are generally reliable. Even when I disagree with your evaluations, there is usually quite a lot of descriptive detail, which makes my selections easier. But the review of *Insatiable*

Janine in the November '88 HUSTLER is extremely misleading. John Cooper says that there are "a generous ten sex scenes," but fails to mention that many of them last only two or three minutes, and that they feature ugly, old, used-up Euro-whores. Plus, the anal scenes are so obliquely shot that actual rear penetration has to be taken on faith, and the dubbing is typically awful. Lastly, Cooper claims that the costumes and locations are "authentic." Who cares, and how would he know, anyway? —G.G.
Long Island City, New York

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE

I would like to see any of the following women in a HUSTLER photo-feature as soon as possible: Stephanie Beacham, Tina Turner, Elvira, Raquel Welch, Candy Samples, Ann-Margret, Joan Collins and Blondie. When can I expect to see any of these personalities in your magazine? —W.R.
Oceanside, California

A revealing photo of Stephanie Beacham appeared in our October '88 issue, and Cassandra Peterson (Elvira) was the subject of an extended set in the March '84 issue. For back issues, send $6 (includes postage and handling), plus month and year of issue, to Subscription Department, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

I am not a subscriber of HUSTLER presently, but I will be one in the near future. One of my friends here in prison is a subscriber, and he allows me to look at his magazines. I think HUSTLER is the best magazine on the market, but I would like to see a centerfold with one of these porn superstars in the near future: Amber Lynn, Erica Boyer, Purple Passion, Ginger Lynn, Brittany Stryker, Buffy Davis, Ebony Ayes, Stacey Donovan, Cara Lott and Blondi. —A.M.
Monroe, Washington

I have been reading your magazine for the past 12 years, and I can't express in words the pleasure I've derived from doing so. I have this thing for hairy women, especially underarm hair. All the ladies I see in magazines are clean-shaven or semi-clean-shaven. Sometimes I manage to run across a woman with hair under her arms in *Beaver Hunt*, and I can't thank you enough. I also like fat women; sluts; out-of-shape women; very old women; uglies; hairy, funky-looking women; and all the other reject, dog, hairy-underarm women that nobody else likes. —D.H.
Chicago, Illinois

X-FILM AD-VERSITY

Where are the advertisements for X-rated films that are shown in movie theaters? Of the three major newspapers published here in Los Angeles, where I reside, not one advertises X-rated films that adults can view. It almost seems like a conspiracy of censorship. Who knows why this has happened. Maybe the newspapers gave in to religious fanatics, or feminists who felt pornography was demeaning to women. Maybe the newspaper editors didn't want to be like HUSTLER. But how can the general public go see any movie if they don't know about it? I want to know what's playing. —R.M.
Los Angeles, California

For the same reasons the press often turns its back on adult publishers being harassed by the government, most newspapers don't carry adult-film listings: They're afraid of pressure groups or of alienating advertisers. The problem is currently compounded by the fact that few adult-film makers are doing theatrical releases, but shooting on video for home distribution. Many theater owners don't have budgets to advertise old films still on the circuit. By the way, the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner *does run X-theater ads, usually in the sports section.*

NEW WRINKLE IN SEX TASTES

How come 70-year-old Helga Sven and 65-year-old Candy Samples are the most popular X-rated actresses? And how come there aren't more older porn actresses like the aforementioned? How come the porno industry is allowing so many young men and women to overrun it? I am sure HUSTLER Magazine can take care of this older-lady problem. —Bernie
Plains, Pennsylvania

While celluloid preserves the feats of our passing generations of pornsters, HUSTLER *says open the door to new talent. That way, 20 or 50 years from now, maybe more than two of these strumpets will still be working in front of the cameras. Unfortunately, few ladies of Helga and Candy's staying power and class ever entered the porn world to start with.*

EYE-OPENING PINK

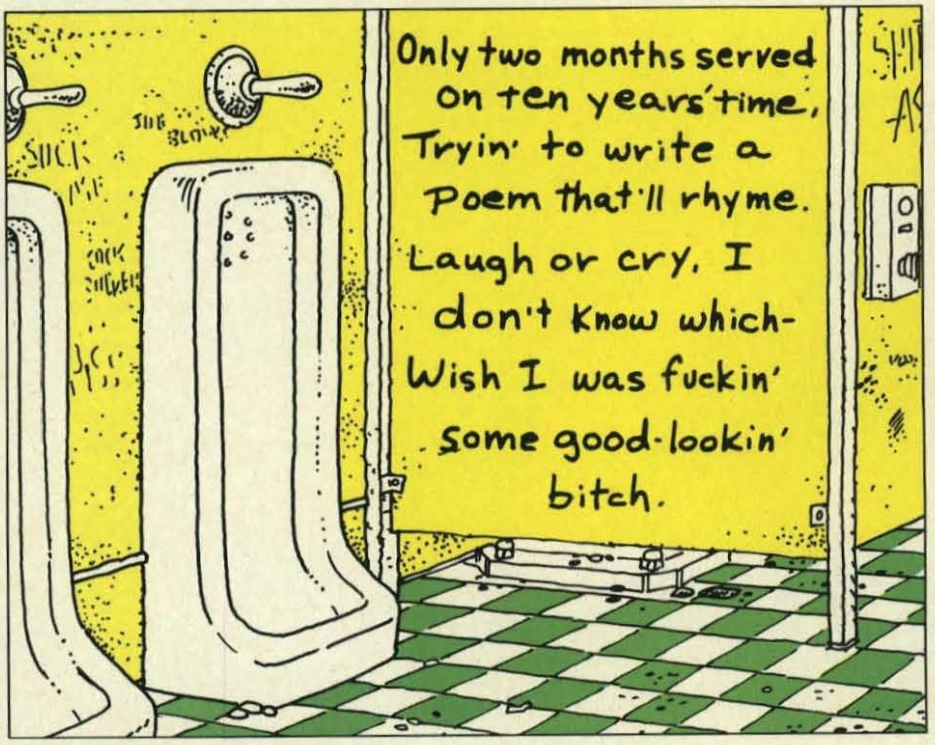
As a reader of HUSTLER for several years, I still think you have the hottest magazine around. I am a Chinese-American and have offered my friends HUSTLER Magazine on many occasions. You should see their facial expressions upon opening it. Although Asians are shy to talk about it, they love to look at HUSTLER. Keep up the good work. —D.L.
Santa Ana, California

AND ONE WITH MUSTARD

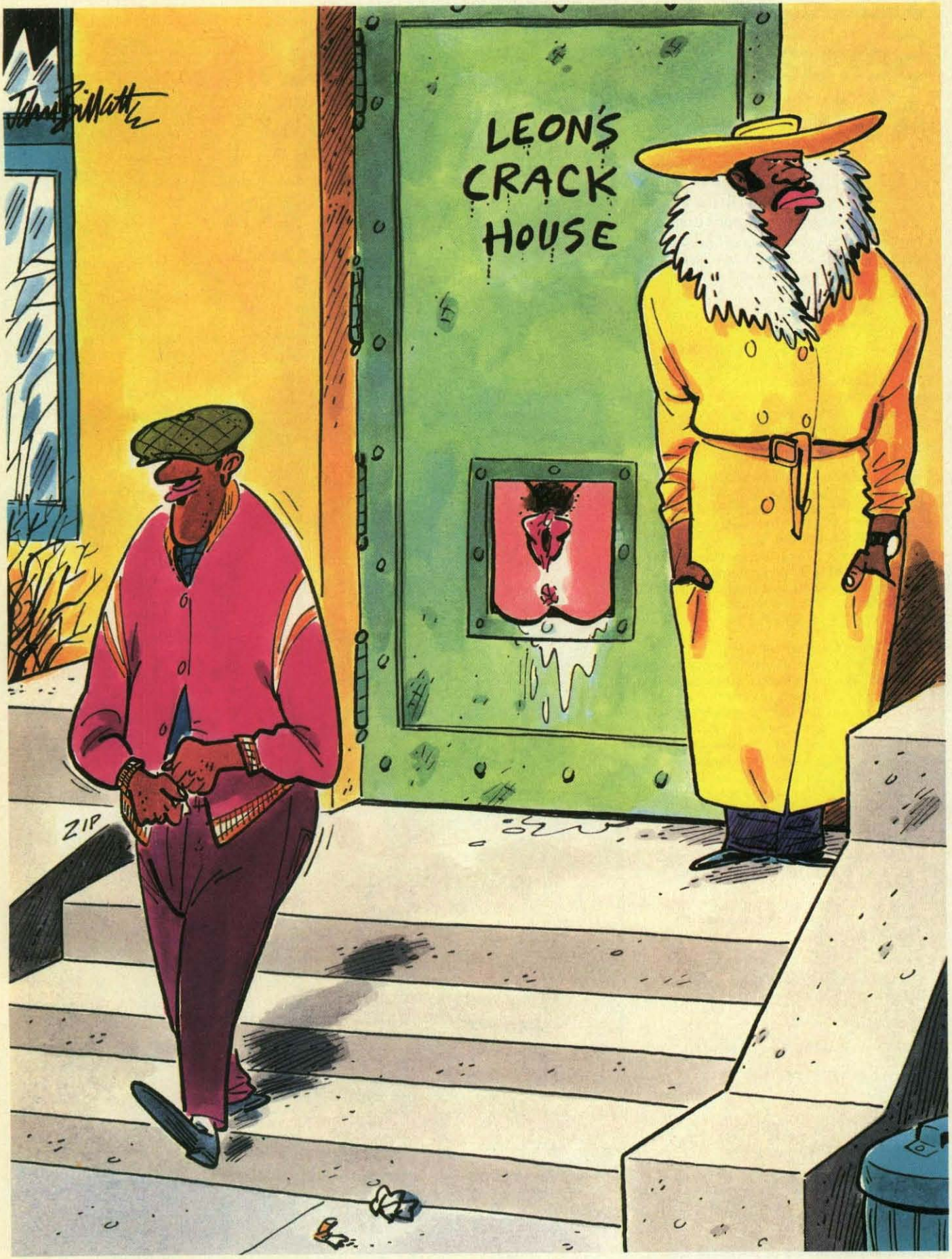
I have been purchasing HUSTLER since 1975 and haven't missed one single issue in all these years. Since '81 I've been subscribing to HUSTLER, and to CHIC

(continued on page 112)

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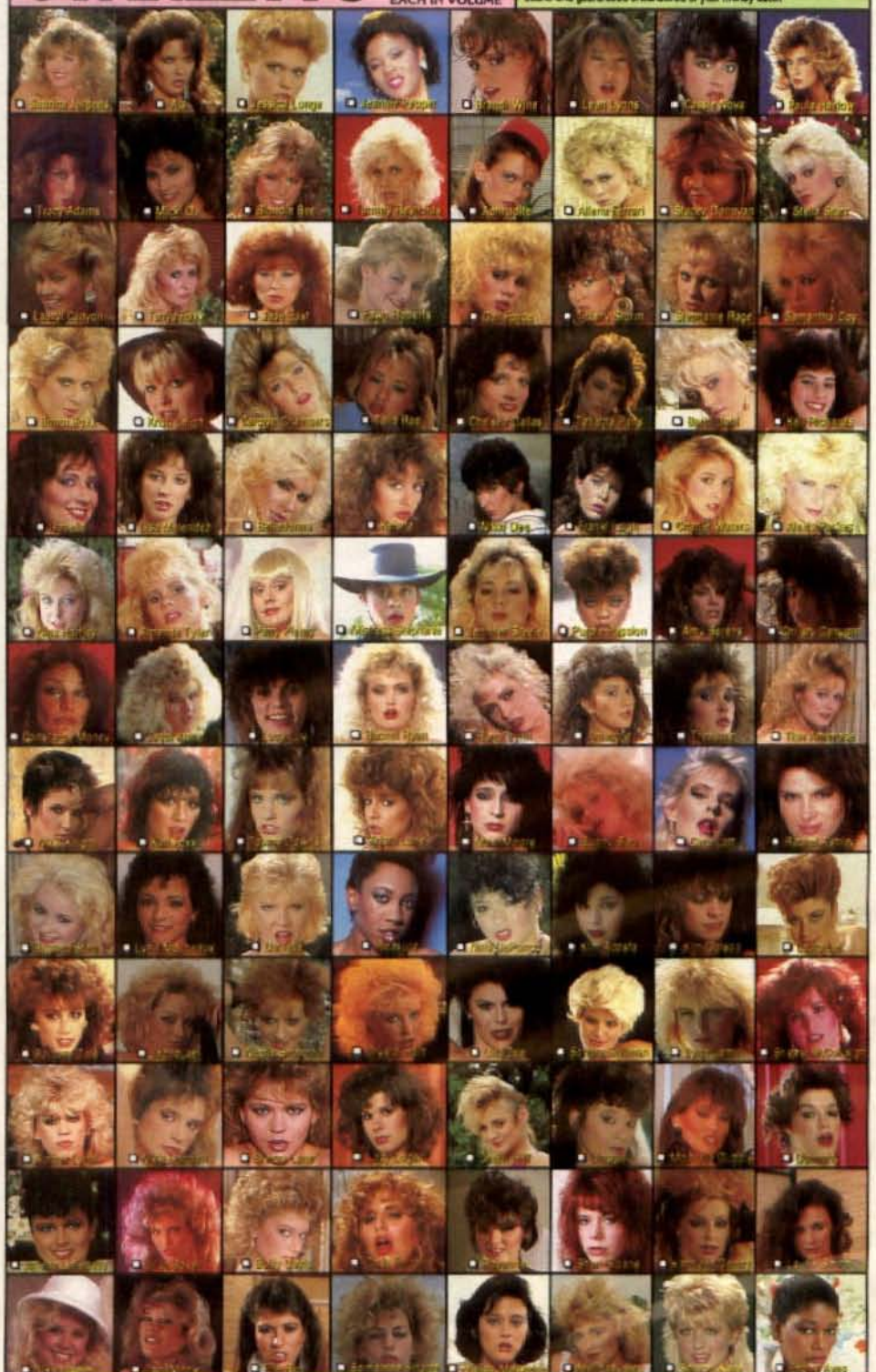
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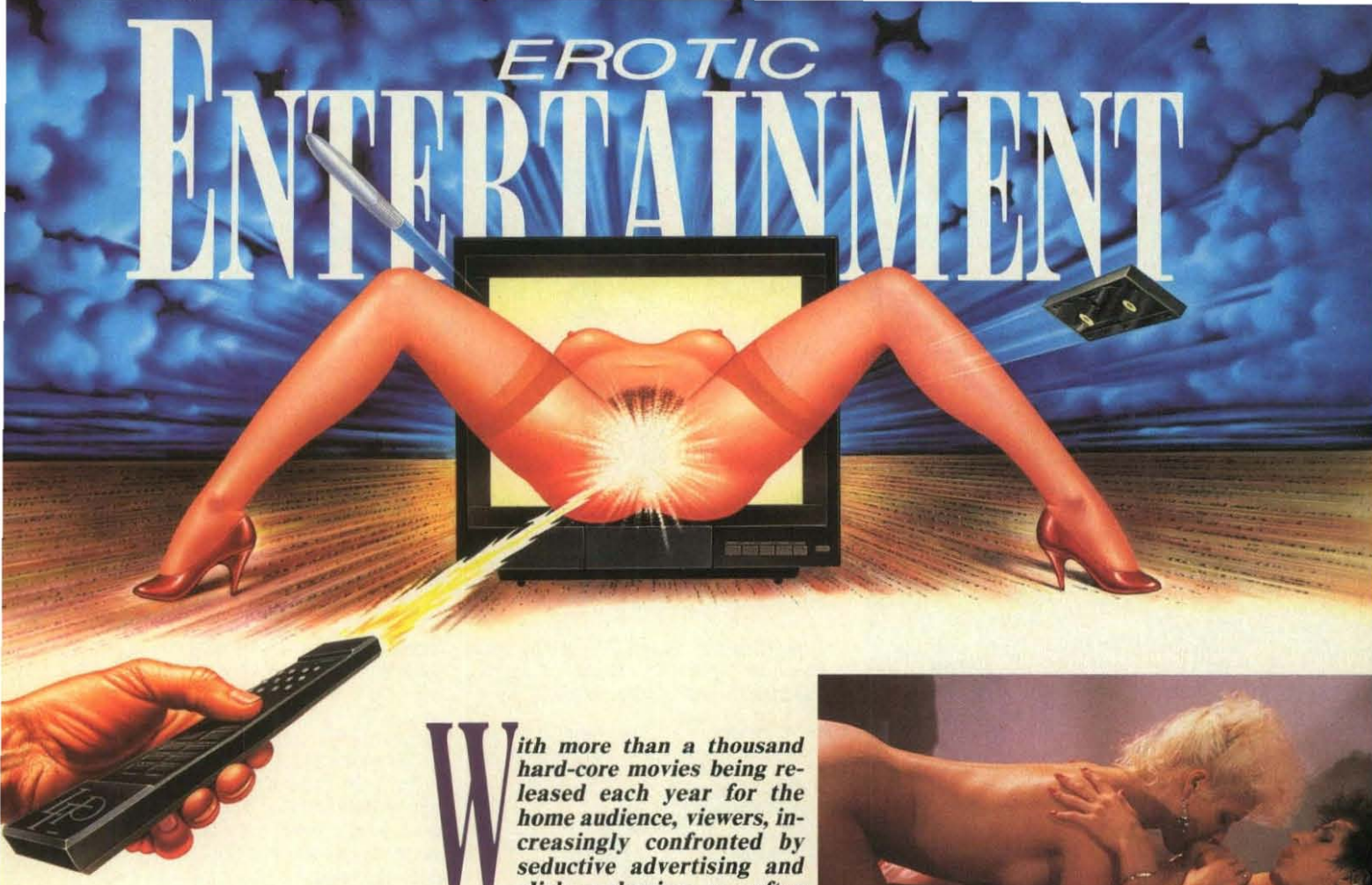
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EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT



With more than a thousand hard-core movies being released each year for the home audience, viewers, increasingly confronted by seductive advertising and slick packaging, are often at a loss when it comes to selecting an X-rated tape worth watching. **HUSTLER** ***is committed to serious, no-bullshit criticism designed to accurately inform readers of XXX-cinema offerings, and to spur the adult-entertainment industry to better productions. Despite their drastic decline, there will always be adult theaters, and we'd never leave a film buff in the lurch: If a review says a production was shot on film, it's probably playing on a big screen somewhere–all you have to do is find it.***

Les Be Friends: *Jeanna Fine and Delia Moore get to know each other better.*

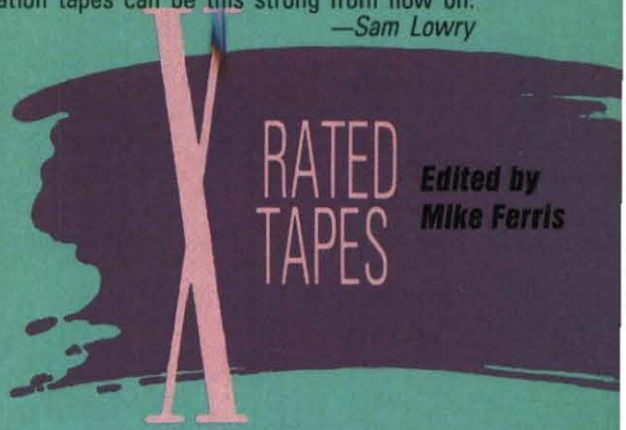
LES BE FRIENDS

Shot on Video.

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by John T. Bone; starring Taija Rae, Jeanna Fine, Elle Rio, Tracey Adams, Delia Moore, Janette Littledove, Rachel Ryan, Careena Collins, Regine Bardot, Samantha Strong, Jerry Butler, John Leslie, Krista Lane, Erica Boyer and Nina Hartley. Videocassette by Western Visuals.

This loop group is one of the hottest collections of recycled raunch to come down the pink pike in ages. Featuring some dozen bone-bulging scenes, *Les Be Friends* certainly doesn't skimp on the sex. But despite the title, all the action isn't carpet-munching cuties, as John Leslie shows up in two mouth-watering morsels, prime among them a corker of a threeway with Nina Hartley and Taija Rae. The best action, though, does take place among the cooze queens, with a positively searing twat torquing between Elle Rio, Janette Littledove and Careena Collins. With Elle regulating a massive dildo between Careena's and Janette's beautiful beavers, the action becomes incendiary. Ditto for Careena's wild scissors fuck in a tub, hot enough to make your fillings melt. For connoisseurs of the bubbly, Jeanna Fine and Rachel Ryan make great use of a bottle of champagne, as they drown each other's bushes during a frenzied labia lashing. *Les Be Friends* contains virtually no limp-dick lesbo lunches, with most of the scenes kept to a fairly short running time. The lame narrative device of Jeanna Fine getting a rubdown from Delia Moore while they relate the individual episodes is the only minor debit here. *Les* hope all compilation tapes can be this strong from now on.

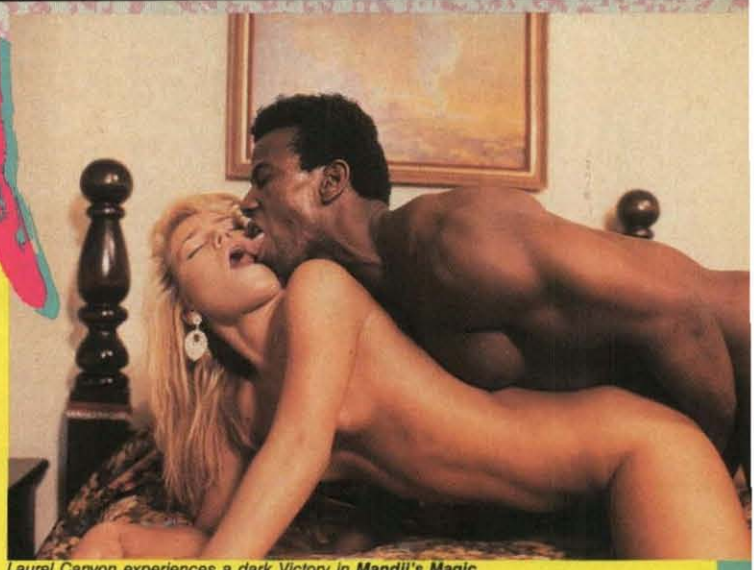
—Sam Lowry





Ebony Ayes debating whether to blow dick or blow chow in ***Godmother II****.*

VIDEO OF THE MONTH



Laurel Canyon experiences a dark Victory in ***Mandii's Magic****.*

GODMOTHER II

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by John Stagliano; starring Ebony Ayes, Charli Waters, Amanda Tyler, Robin Lee, Chelsea, Jack Baker, Tony El-Lay, Ray Victory and Blake Palmer. Videocassette by VCA.

Accepting that sloppy, dark-rooted blondes and bus-station-loitering Negro males are God's gift to one another, then *Godmother II* is a work inspired by divine providence. *Godmother*'s white sluts (and dark bitch Ebony Ayes, with a skin condition resulting in zits to rival her tits) are as low-down dirty and gutter-licking lewd as a ginch can be and still command a price for her behavior. Any more wanton, and these women would be giving it away at the end of a skid-row goop line behind the Midnight Mission for Homeless Humpers. One piece of generic, peroxided garbage is so butt-curdled trashy that even two crowbar-hung brothers are insufficient to satisfy her craving—they have to throw a Day-Glo pink dildo in with their inky prongs. The predominantly salt-and-pepper peter play of *Godmother II* is a consistent blend of skeeve sleaze; the best way to have sex with any of these people is to watch someone else do it. Like the original *Godmother*, *II* is shot on actual debris-blown L.A. streets and scummy perv pads. That crispy dose of scuzz-crusted authenticity goes a long way to make up for a limited array of fuckers, but it could have gone further.—*Kurt Blume*

MANDII'S MAGIC

Shot on Video.

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Jack Stephen; starring Laurel Canyon, Kascha, Brandi Wine, Ebony Ayes, Blake Palmer, Ray Victory, Jan Sanders and Francois Papillon. Videocassette by Cinderella Home Video.

Kascha rides the love rod of—who else?—Francois Papillon.



There is no denying the magical quality to the pretty, pert, dirty white-trash prurience of Laurel Canyon, with her poppin'-fresh boobs and neatly coiffed bush—the girl has about as much hair on her muff as Hitler had under his nose. In fact, the consensus is that if Hitler had gotten Laurel's trimmed quim under his nose, we'd have a lot more Jews living today. And since God's Chosen are not wont to pass up a bargain (if we may flow with the stream of semiconsciousness a bit further), they'd undoubtedly line up for a peek at this no-frills, semen-spilling depiction of prostitution at a nude-modeling joint. Canyon commences carnalities, bobbing on Ray Victory's formidable ebony bone; Brandi Wine, her high school's girl most likely to become a generic slut, wallows in Ebony Ayes's commodious and colored bosoms and buns; Kascha keeps her eyes closed as her charms are exposed by beau Francois Papillon; Blake Palmer greases Wine's breast crevice with dick goop; Jan Sanders is sandwiched between Ayes and Wine; Palmer pounds Canyon into a trembling, quivering quiff. Few wands will be immune to *Mandii's Magic*. —*Hakim Whithers*

GIRLS ON GIRLS

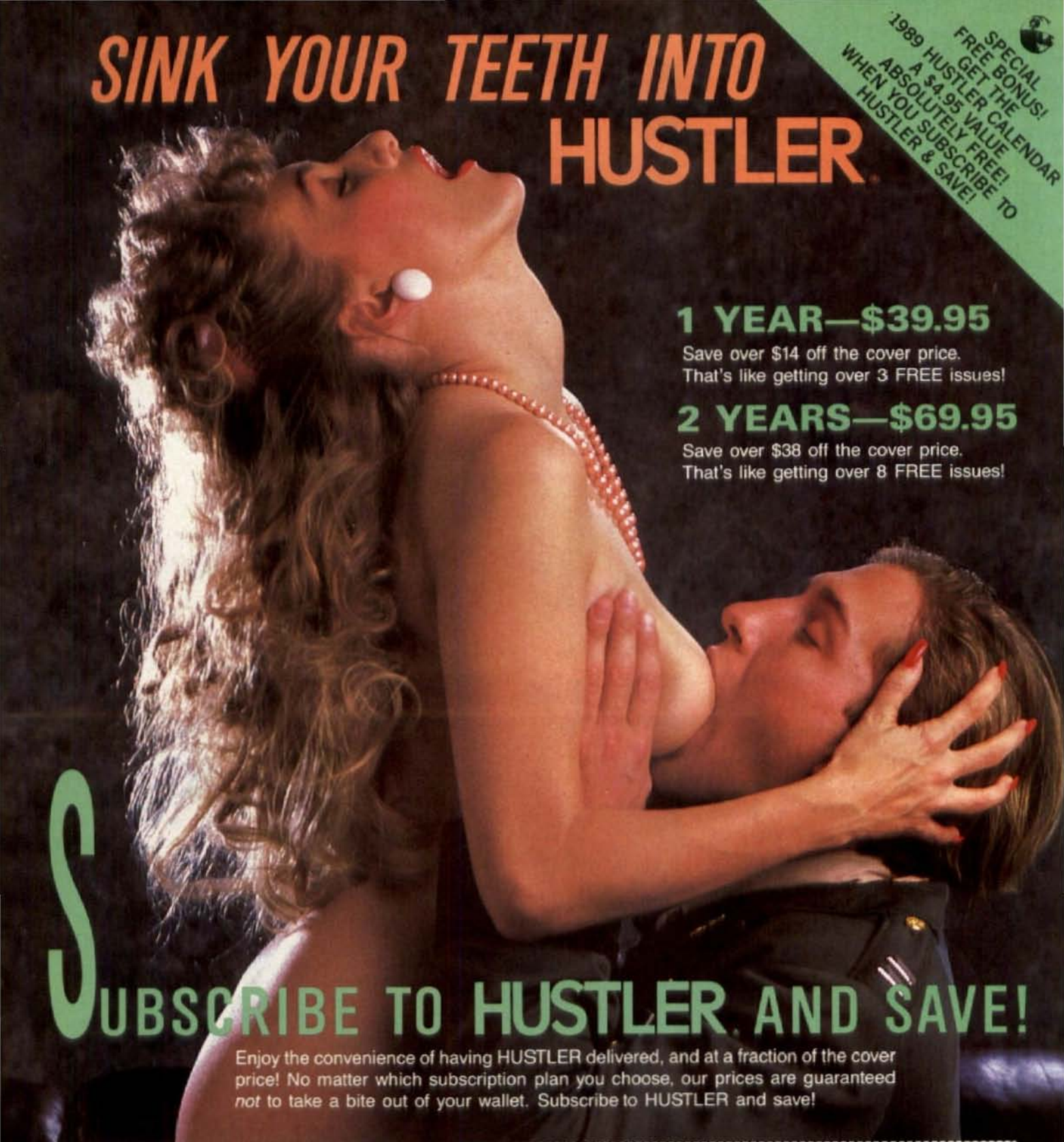
Shot on Video.

Totally Limp. Starring Nina Hartley, Jeanna Fine, Desiree Lane, Krista Lane, Kelly Nichols, Bunny Bleu, Sheri St. Claire, Lisa De Leeuw, Amber Lynn, Lili Marlene and Mauvais Denoire. Videocassette by Essex Video.

Essex has a large library of fuck films to draw on when making goop-loop tapes like this, but from the choice of cunt-chewing scenes included here, Helen Keller must be on the selection committee, with Ray Charles and Stevie Wonder as backups. This shit stinks! There are nearly a dozen clit-chomping cuts here, and almost all are enough to rust any zipper. Some big-name talent is included, but *Girls on Girls* doesn't feature such legendary twat tonguers as Amber Lynn, Desiree Lane and Kelly Nichols at their labia-licking best. But even in a cesspool like this, there has to be a shining moment, and that comes with a great domination/humiliation coupling between Lisa De Leeuw and an unidentified girl. The two take turns slapping and browbeating each other, with De Leeuw getting the final say, in which she comes agonizingly close to fisting the other girl. It's dildo domination at its best. Unfortunately, that's about all, even though there's an all-too-brief but tasty rimjob on Jeanna Fine by Nina Hartley. Lesbo tapes can sometimes be a meat-beating delight, with a hot tongue more than making up for that missing jolt of jizz, but *Girls on Girls* wouldn't even steam a single slit at a NOW convention. —*S. L.*

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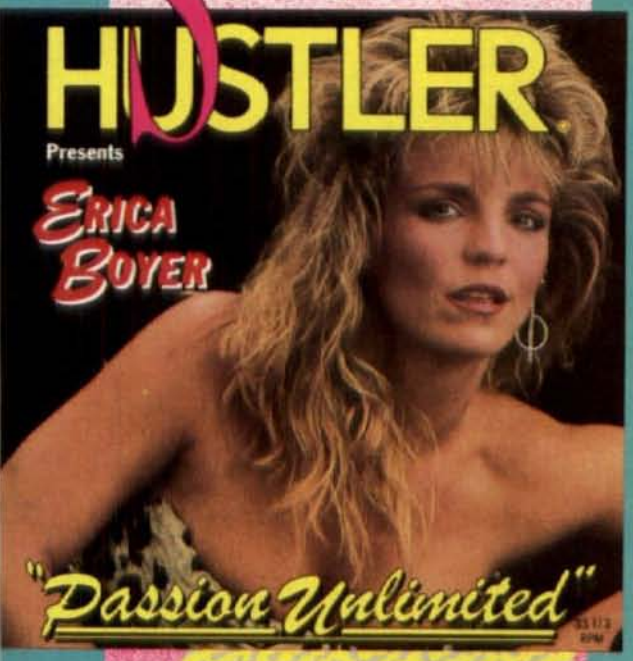
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SEX SCENE



AURAL EROTICISM

Luscious porn queen Erica Boyer, mercifully back in action after a year's semiretirement, will be marking her return to the blue screen with a prominent appearance in Volume 1 of the new HUSTLER video series, *HUSTLER Hard*. In addition, however, the multitalented Ms. Boyer is making a musical debut, of sorts. Her "erotic vocalizing" can be heard on the new 12-inch single "Passion Unlimited," a strictly X-rated record release. You might say Erica is taking the pioneering vocal work of Donna Summer to its logical extreme, providing the sexy sounds of a woman in the midst of an unbridled fuck-a-thon, over a romantic melody and backbeat. (Presumably, a rap rhythm was ruled out early in the project.) If the record catches on, there may be an accompanying video to follow, though it's unlikely you'll ever see it on MTV.



Real-life biker scum contribute to the authentic feel of **Scooter Trash**.

SCOOTER TRASH

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Boz Crawford; starring Ron Jeremy, Rhonda Jo Petty, Buddy Hatton, Barbie Dahl, Karyl Carlyn, Crazy Ace, Puttin' Pete, Lucky Greenhog, Cookie Hooker, Tank Top Smith and Tattoo Danny. Videocassette by Caballero Home Video.

Not only are bikers chic here in the decline of the '80s, but they're suave too. What could be more debonair than simulated vengeance rape of a policeman's wife and whelp, especially when the pig in question is portrayed by Ron "Hedgehog" Jeremy? The elegant gangbang urbanity of *Scooter Trash* extends beyond home-movie stagings of real-life Harley outlaws mauling and slobbering over-the-hill humpin' mama Rhonda Jo Petty and a supporting gash cast of "cover cunts" from *Iron Horse* magazine (one low-level lady leaks cock-churned, cum-swirled liquid shit when her asshole is divested of dick). In a fashion statement that redefines *sartorial splendor*, an esteemed member of these cycle maniacs does his stiff and vicious pricking with a tattooed penis, something never seen from any of the customary professional porn studs, though most pro wadsmen shoot more cum on cue than is seen in the entirety of *Scooter*, barring Jeremy's loads. The amateurism and enthusiasm of these everyday perverts more than compensates for their lack of video-fuck skills. Yes, it's *Trash*, but it's not the same old garbage. —*Aron Cope*

CANDY'S LITTLE SISTER SUGAR

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Gerard Damiano; starring Ariel Knight, John Leslie, Laurel Canyon, Robert Bullock, Peter North, Mike Horner, Nina Hartley, Tiffanie Storm and Randy Spears. Videocassette by Vidco Productions.

The glory that was Damiano shines through twice in *Candy's Little Sister Sugar*: 1) the helicopter shot of San Francisco's pointedly phallic Trans-America pyramid (which might in fact have been culled from stock footage), 2) a plunge into underwater photography with Ariel Knight (whose genetic codes can't be more than a few digits off from Tami White's) spinning nude subaqueous backflips. Aside from a prominently displayed building and a bit of acrobatic skinny-dipping, there's little to distinguish past master Damiano's latest from the run-of-the-swill. Despite pains taken with costumes, sets, accents and nuances of delivery, the gags mostly fall flat, some as many as three times. Face it, Gerard, no one would glance at this shit once without the fucks, to wit: Robert Bullock eructs a moan and a groan as Knight sucks his bone; Laurel Canyon accepts a happy faceful of John Leslie's orgasm plasm; Peter North plows through Knight's butt cleavage as Mike Horner dicks her chest crevice, while cramming a little purple dildo into the Nina Hartley dumper; Canyon noses into Nina's nookie; Knight and Tiffanie Storm go profile-to-profile for two mugs mired in Randy Spears's spoot; and then there's an orgy scene that doesn't really work. *Sister Sugar* will be a little sweet for anyone not weaned on saccharin. —*K. B.*

Sister Sugar: *Robert Bullock makes an executive lunch of Ariel Knight.*





While ***Real Men Eat Keisha****, Kristara Barrington eats Tess Ferre.*

REAL MEN EAT KEISHA

Shot on Film.

Half Erect. Directed by Adele Robbins; starring Kristara Barrington, Sharon Mitchell, Tess Ferre, Tamara Longley, Keisha, Jerry Butler, Buddy Love, Robert Bullock, Joey Silvera and Randy West. Videocassette by VCA Pictures.

Sharon Mitchell plays her 10 millionth sex therapist in this misnamed four-year-old movie. Her client Jerry Butler's entire sex life is a masturbatory fantasy focused on an Oriental maid (Kristara Barrington) whose duties never seem to include housework. After five sex scenes—three of which engage Barrington's services—Mitchell effects a cure of sorts by getting Butler to screw her. Meanwhile, Mitchell has cured another couple's sex problems with one office visit, and consulted closely with Buddy Love's big penis; Kristara has made a threeway out of a Butler/Tamara Longley duo, romped with nubile Tess Ferre in a corral and opened her hole to two construction workers. Keisha? Oh, yeah. She has one quick scene with Butler. Easy come, easy go. *Real Men*'s one plus—besides giving us new footage of the long-retired Barrington, Longley and Ferre—is that it was shot on film and will probably be the only new title being shown on what few big screens are left. Okay, it's only average, but even average movies gain something on the silver screen. Besides, it's about time you got out of the house and gave your VCR a rest, isn't it?

—John Cooper



Tom Byron bones newcomer Aja in ***Still the Brat****.*

NIKKI RANDALL IS STILL THE BRAT

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Nikki Randall, Siobhan Hunter, Ariel Knight, Aja, Tom Byron and Rick Savage. Videocassette by Vivid Video.

Jamie Summers is gone to the harpy humping ground of old porn slut limbo, but the Brat is alive and well in the embodiment of Nikki Randall. A streety but sweet, petite and pert, cock-loving brunet video-fuck flirt, Randall is familiar to the vigilant voyeur. Keen-eyed cunt hounds have long wondered when Nikki would be promoted from the chorus slime to hyper-fucking center stage, elevated to the super-sex-star level she was so obviously born to attain. Unfortunately, bright-eyed boner holders will have to wait just a little longer to see Randall fully exploited. How much longer? Just until Paul Thomas's productions start to resemble fuck flicks more than ill-fated Fox Network comedy pilots. Despite Paul's best pretensions, *Still the Brat* has some quick strokes of penis: Tom Byron buries his bone in trim Randall's quim; Byron later sticks his dick into the slick slit of new-tits-on-the-cream-scene Aja; Rick Savage slides his sickle-shaped schlong into Siobhan Hunter's sloppy slot, and later pops up and off for the coozy combination of Ariel Knight and Randall. Also spliced in is a Knight/Randall rooftop rendezvous. That may be *Brat*tish, but it's still not enough. *—Victor Battle*

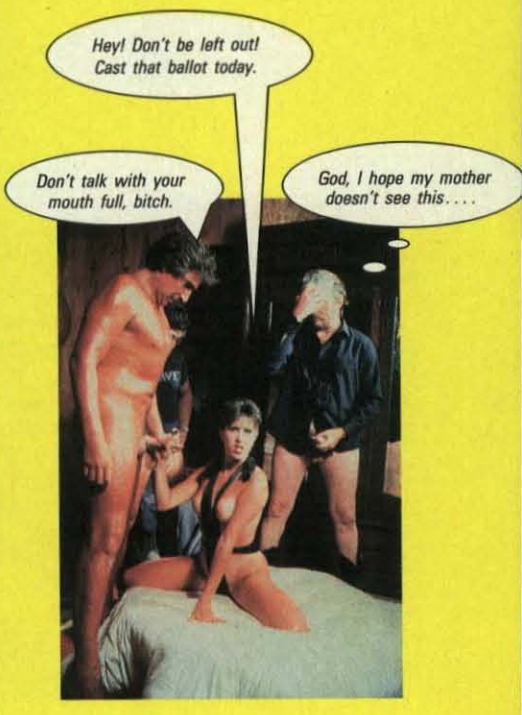
13TH ANNUAL HUSTLER EROTIC-MOVIE POLL

Now's your chance to let the powers that be in the adult-movie industry know just what you think of their work. Let us know which erotic artists best mastered their craft, and which fuck flicks (film or video) put the biggest tent pole in your trousers during the 1988 sleaze season. (Don't forget to mention which movie was the biggest snooze; we're nothing if not bitchy.) Send your ballot at once to HUSTLER *Movie Poll, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Look for the results in our May 1989 issue. Ballots must be postmarked by January 1, 1989, to qualify.*

Best Movie: _____
Best Director: _____
Which Movie?: _____
Best Actress: _____
Which Movie?: _____
Best Actor: _____
Which Movie?: _____
Best Sex Scene: _____
Which Movie?: _____
Most Accomplished Fellatio Artist: _____

Which Movie?: _____
Most Accomplished Cunnilinguist: _____

Which Movie?: _____
Most Disappointing Movie: _____



STRONG RAYS
Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Richard Mailer; starring Samantha Strong, Rene Morgan, Kathleen Gentry, Denise Connors, Peter North, Don Fernando and Mike Horner. Videocassette by Intropics Video.

"Well, when I was getting my M.B.A. at UCLA," mouths Samantha Strong, challenging the viewer to simultaneously suspend his disbelief and maintain an erection, a gauntlet flung by all of *Strong Rays'* between-sex scenes. Aside from talky schlock, this thinly veiled one-day wanker revels in udderly endowed Strong's bovine mug lolling about Peter North's throbbing lollipop, then grazing passively in the pasture of Rene Morgan's pussy. Morgan, a long-legged, pert-butted, unbreasted, brunet wanton-face, and ever-limber, athletically inclined humpbody Kathleen Gentry are two reasons to watch *Strong Rays*. Morgan seems to really enjoy being a filthy suck slut, slobbering wet vacuum action onto Mike Horner's flesh horn until he lays her squirming and churning on a desktop. In further desktop action, Don Fernando is infinitely inspired by the cum-craving glaze that slides into Gentry's fuck-bright eyes once penis slips into her pud-hungry face hole. The puissance of these two pleasure portals makes the rest of *Strong Rays* look weak.—*K. B.*

SKIN DIVE
Shot on Video.

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Steven Michaels; starring Sharon Mitchell, Stephanie Rage, Ron Jeremy and Randy West. Videocassette by Adult Video Corporation.

Skin Dive takes place on a houseboat in the middle of a lake, but passes over whatever opportunities this change-of-pace location offers in favor of standard cramped interiors that could have been shot anywhere. Sharon Mitchell plays a scientist who's developed a love potion—how novel—and Ron Jeremy plays a sheik who wants to buy it. Jeremy tests it out on Stephanie Rage and two uncredited bimbos who, after ingesting the potion, eagerly submit to being fucked by him, bodyguard Randy West and Mitchell. Then they forget everything, which is also easy for the viewers, since there are only three sex scenes, all conventional stuff. *Dive* becomes interesting only when Jeremy teases at a fister (but it's merely that—fingertips only and *very* briefly) and Randy West spurts pork syrup on a lapping tongue. A better title for this would have been *Nose Dive*. —*J. C.*

Randy West plays the beef as he takes a ***Skin Dive.***





Swingin' Samantha with Peter North in ***Strong Rays.***

STROKER'S GUIDE

This column lists and rates erotic videos and films (F) reviewed in the past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER'S EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE. All titles are available on videocassette.

Fully Erect

The Cat Woman
Conflict
Insatiable Janine
Mad About You
Pretty Peaches 2
Very Dirty Dancing

Three-Quarters Erect

Angel Puss
Double Penetration 3
The Eleventh Commandment
Fatal Passion
The Godmother Part I
Hottest Parties
Loose Lifestyles
The Night Before
Pulsating Flesh (F)
Rachel Ryan's Anal Intruder II
Satisfaction Jackson
A Star on the Rise: Careena 2

Half Erect

Alice in Blackland
Backdoor to Hollywood IV: Barbii's Way
Big Bust Babes Volume 4: The Bigger the Better
Dr. Feelgood
Final Taboo
From Kascha With Love
Samantha and the Deep-Throat Girls
Sex in Dangerous Places
Sheena in Wonderland
She's So Fine Part II
Sleazy Rider
Wet Dream on Elm Street

One-Quarter Erect

Black Beauties
Flesh for Frankenstein
Hot Blondes
Only the Strong Survive
Our Dinner With Andrea
Robo Fox II "The Collector"
Sex Lies
Shauna Grant: The Early Years
She-Male Sanitarium
Susie Cue
Twentysomething
Twisted Sisters

Totally Limp

Black Sensations
Genie's Dirty Girls
Her Every Wish
Lingerie Party

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT
Superior. A top production.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
Above average. Hard-on material.

HALF ERECT
Standard fare. Has moments.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Poor. Don't expect much.

TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.

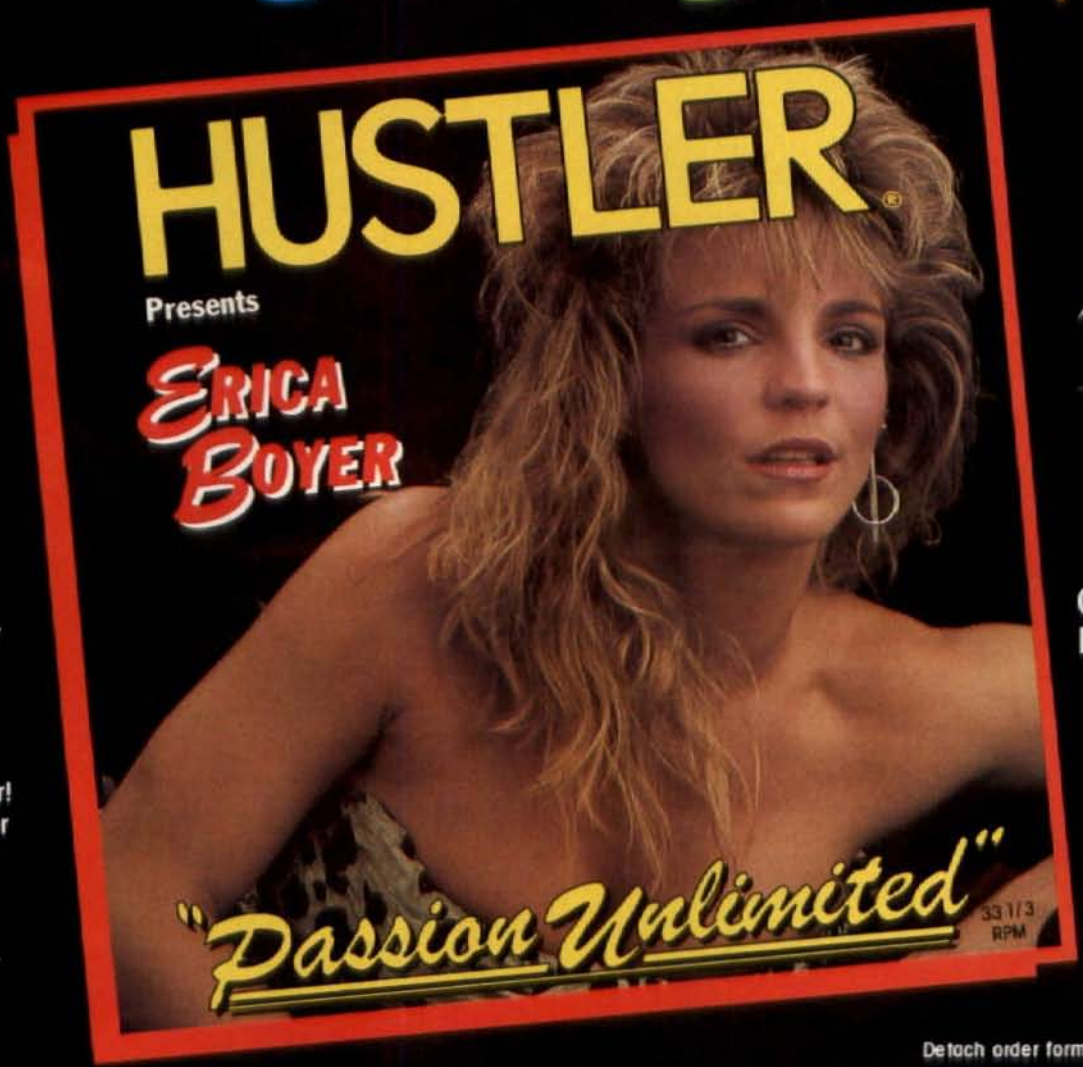
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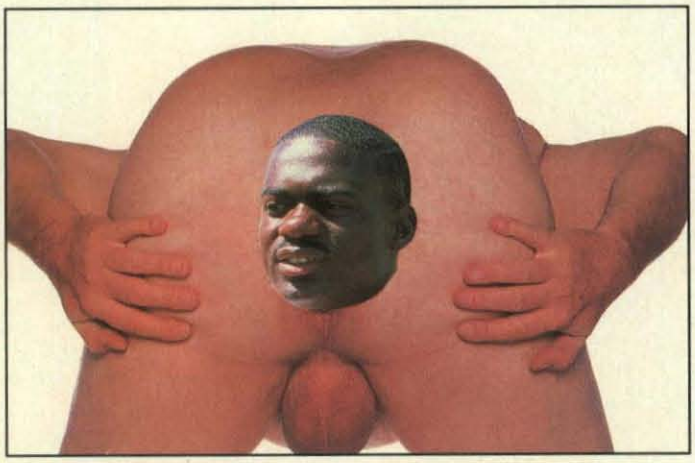
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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Ben Johnson



For being the world's poorest sport, sprinter Ben Johnson is Asshole of the Month.

Johnson naturally possesses the ability to run at incredible speeds, but was caught with an anabolic steroid in his system after shattering his own world record. Rather than lay low, or even take the repugnant "born-again athlete" approach, Johnson declared, in somewhat angry tones, that he was innocent, and then implied he was the victim of a conspiracy within the International Olympic Committee (IOC) to defame him.

It's true that 'roids promote deranged perceptions, usually in the form of aggression and other psychotic behavior. Sports 'rhoid—as in hemorrhoid—Johnson's apparent derangement probably stems from the prospect not only of losing lucrative endorsements, but of paying back corporate funds advanced for training, travel, and so on.

Prior to his steroid disgrace, Johnson's lack of athletic idealism showed in his petty feud with Carl Lewis. Johnson ranked outrunning Lewis higher than the accomplishment of an Olympic gold medal. Now Lewis holds the gold, and all Johnson has is the possibility of liver or kidney disease from steroid use.

Developed to treat children with growth problems, anabolic steroids have infiltrated sports since the early '70s. Only now can science study long-term side effects on athletes, but cancer has been linked to use of synthetic testosterone. The stuff definitely shrivels your balls, since artificial doses switch off the body's normal steroid pumps.

Anabolics speed recovery of damaged or tired muscle tissue, allowing for more frequent or more intense workouts. The athlete still must train and be mentally ready for performance. When the gun sounds, an athlete's mind-body connection—not the steroid connection—determines if he wins.

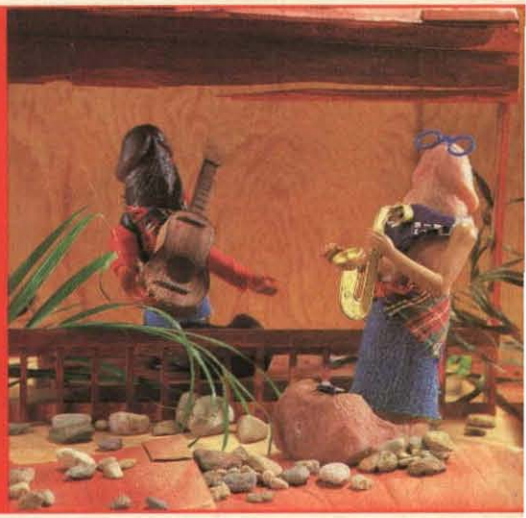
Johnson's short-sightedness—a key to the focus required for Olympic-level competitiveness—may have blinded him to the consequences. A reaggravated injury in early '88 meant he wouldn't make the Olympics at all without steroid rehabilitation. We believe medically supervised injury recovery with steroids should be permitted. The IOC doesn't. So Johnson risked the most sophisticated substance-testing program in the world, because millions rode on it. Ben literally pissed them away.

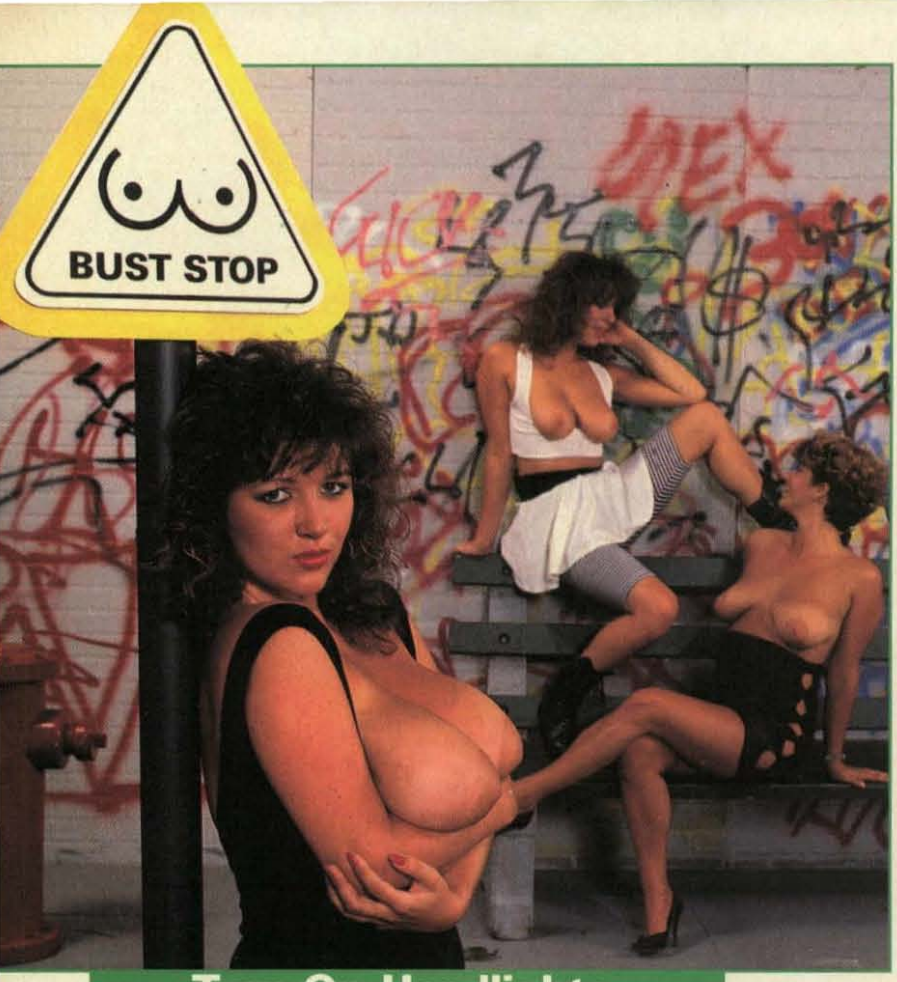
His claims of tampering and mistreatment pale when faced with facts: The detected substance could not have entered his system by being dropped in a soda or beer, as Ben suggested; his randomly numbered sample, divided into two bottles, could not have been singled out for a "substitute's" piss; the second sample was repeatedly tested with Canadian sports officials present.

Johnson's self-impressed arrogance is all the more rectal in that, even if he were an athletic role model, sooner or later he would have to make a larger contribution to society than running fast. Real winners endure the test of time, showing us how to face defeat in a way that makes us winners in the long run of life.

BLUE-BALLS

"What are those sad-sack dildos up to this month?" you ask. Well, they're singin' the blues. Seems there's no work in the hole, and all they can do is stand around. Why, it's more and more difficult just getting up in the morning. One thing's for sure, life is damn hard even when you're not.





Turn-On Headlights

Major city traffic is bad enough, but you'll have to slow down at this corner or risk driving through a plate-glass window. It's really bumper-to-bumper at the intersection where pedestrians cross the street while these overendowed beauties cross their hearts and rest their weary jugs. If more such refuges were as public as this one, we'd all understand how sweet tit is.

REEL STIFF

Do you want to see Jeanna Fine, Alicia Monet, Janette Littledove and the new Traci Lords—nude? A torrid lesbo pairing of Tracey Adams and Amber Lynn? Or Eurasian tease Kascha in a hetero suck-and-fuck? Then you won't want to miss HUSTLER VIDEO STARS Volume 3, which also contains the John Holmes story and more.

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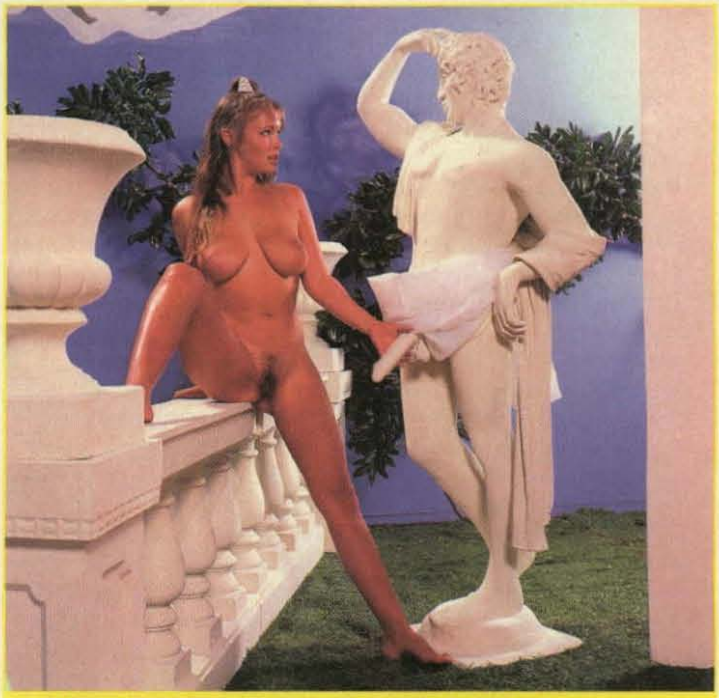


Porn From the Past



COME OUT OF THE CLOSET

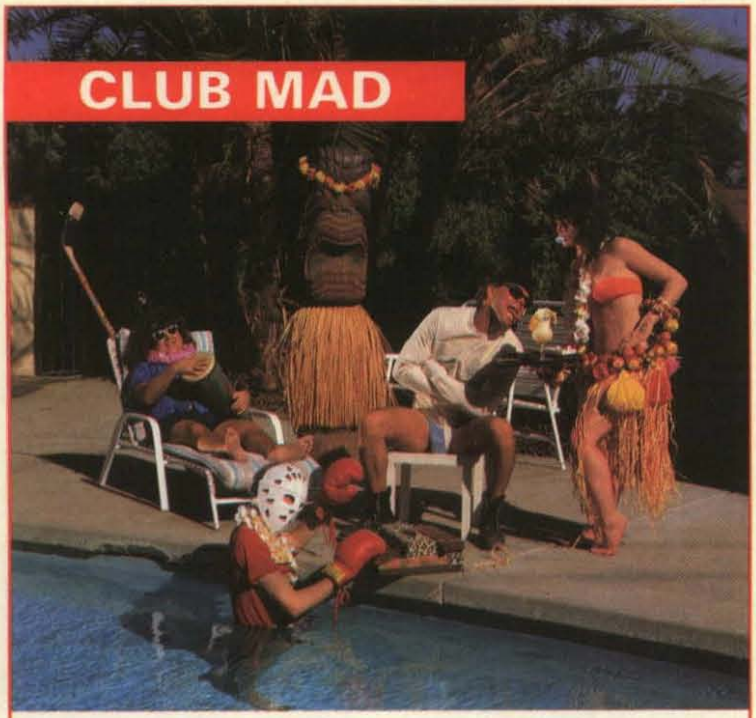
with those old bags of turn-on photos, so you can send them to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. We pay $150 for each photo we use. Please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want photos returned.



STATUTORY RAPE

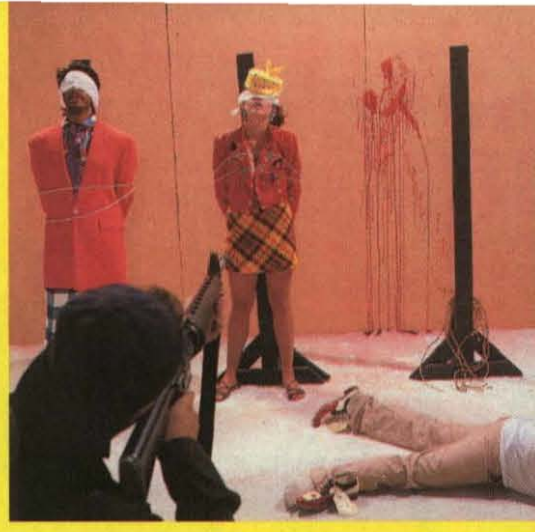
Innocent maidens simply can't resist the charms of a well-hung marble stud. She may be unfamiliar with the Greek method right now, but it won't be long before this well-sculpted young virgin is a real art lover.

CLUB MAD



If you're dying to get out of the city, out of the rat race and out of your mind, why not relax and go crazy at Club Mad? Here no one will question or pass judgment on you, as long as the monthly checks come in. Luxurious padded suites, Valium-laced tropical drinks and plenty of harmless, repetitive activities. . .all this and more makes Club Mad the vast resort of last resort.

FASHION SHOOT



Color-blind clothes yokels are no longer being tolerated. Mr. Blackwell's Hit Squad has embarked on a reign of terror in the name of good taste, ensuring that fashion geeks who can't even pick a matching tie and handkerchief will no longer offend our senses with their polyester presence. It's just a pity Liberace is already dead.

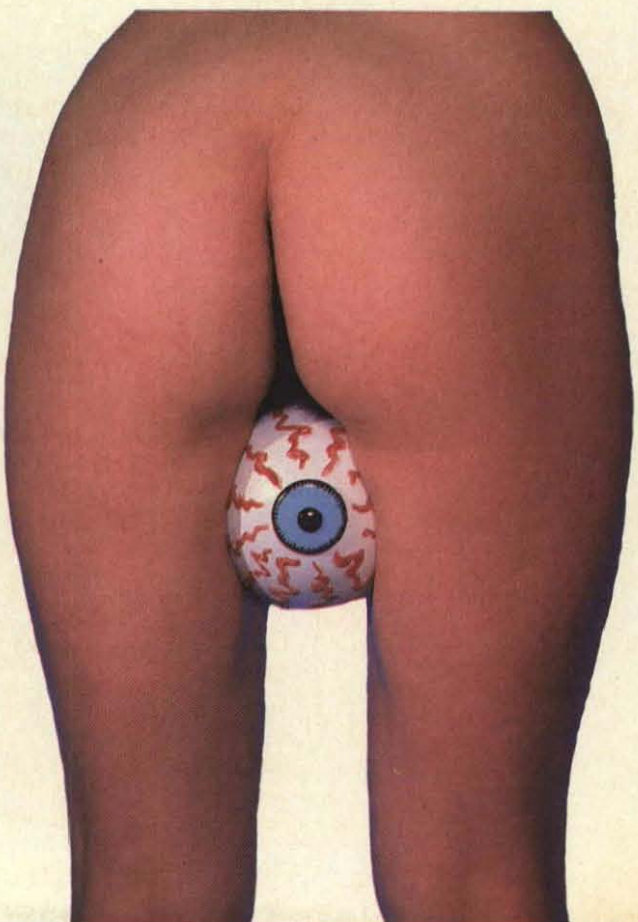
ZIT GUN

There's a new breed of hard-core criminal roaming the streets—acne-riddled teenagers who use their pus-filled pores to terrorize random victims. If one of these thugs puts the squeeze on you, for God's sake, give him whatever he wants. Nothing is worth getting splattered like a high-school restroom mirror.



HINDSIGHT

Anybody can have 'em in the back of their head, but these days, if a girl wants to protect herself, she's got to do better than that. "Watch Your Ass" is the order of the day, especially when plenty of others are watching it as well. At any rate, it's a pretty cheeky way to give somebody the eye.

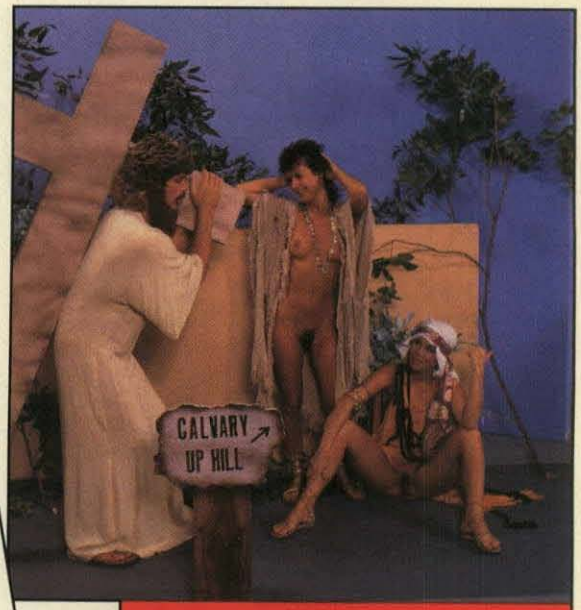


HUSTLER

FILM FACTS

True as a Hollywood Script!

Here's the latest entertainment-industry inside news that we guarantee you won't see anywhere else!

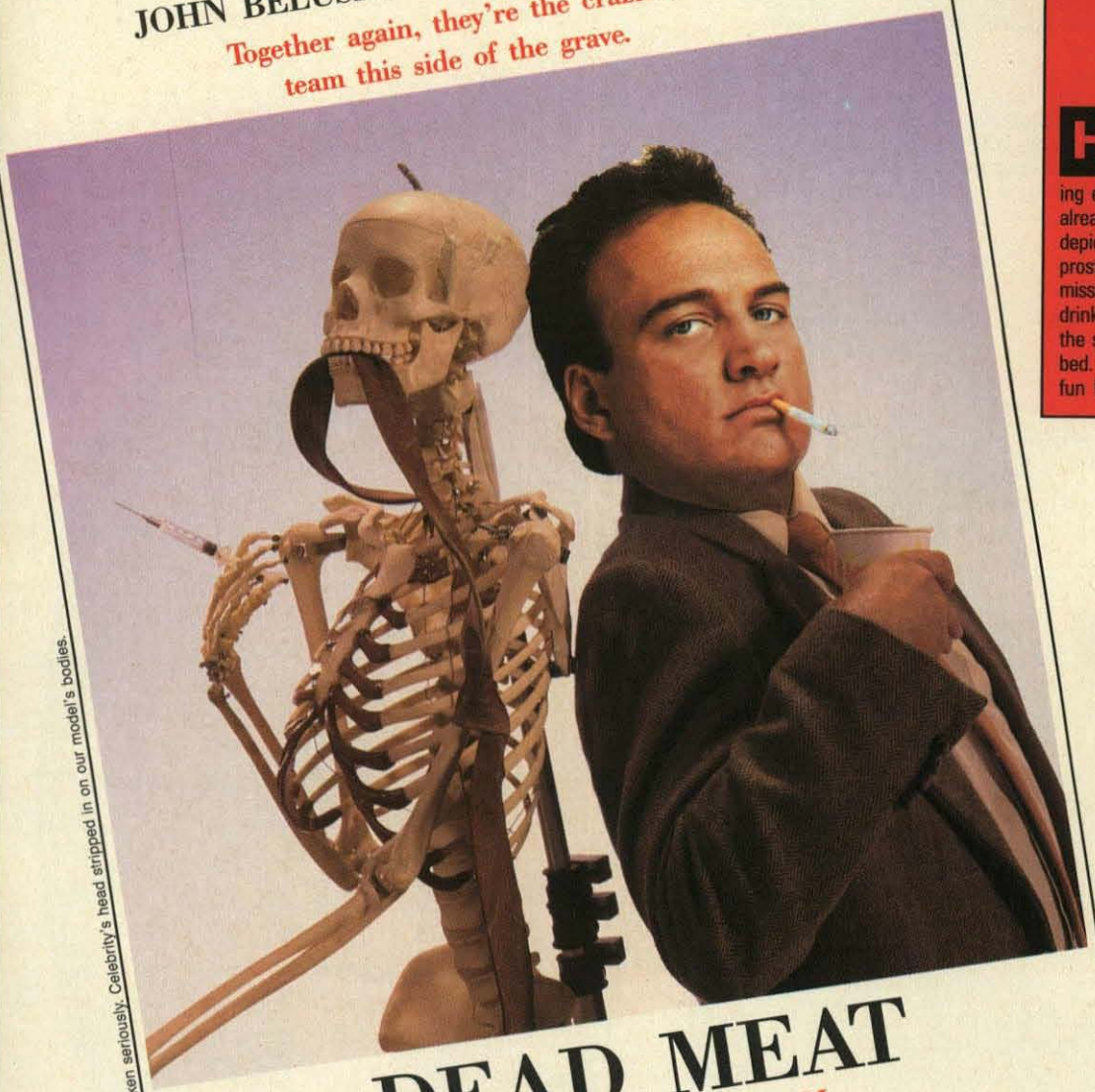


THE SECOND-TO-LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST

HUSTLER has managed to obtain this outtake from Martin Scorsese's controversial film. Christian evangelists would be acting even more insane and irrational than they do already if they had seen this sequence, which depicts Jesus giving piggyback rides to a pair of prostitutes on his way to the crucifixion site. Also missing from the final print were Christ's draft-beer-drinking contest with his gang, The Disciples, and the scene in which Satan short-sheets the Lord's bed. Why all the censorship? We say let's put the fun back in fundamentalism.

JOHN BELUSHI JIM BELUSHI

Together again, they're the craziest team this side of the grave.



DEAD MEAT

A CORONER BROS. FILM

PARODY: Not to be taken seriously. Celebrity's head stripped in on our model's bodies.

SNEAK PREVIEW

On a shameless attempt to exploit the recent success of *Red Heat*, as well as the enduring popularity of late comic John Belushi, the recently formed Bottom of the Barrel Film Consortium has announced an obvious project. The premise is evidently that a pair of cops, one living, one dead, must join forces to stop a psychopathic Boy Scout. Advance word on the film has it that the elder Belushi has lost most of his comic timing along with his weight, and that he's pretty much carried by his younger brother.

Sex News Bits

Married With AIDS: Sex as Usual

Two-thirds of a study group of married AIDS sufferers and their spouses who still have sex do so *without* condoms, says a report by the University of Miami. Of the 45 couples studied, 35 continued to have sex; 12 are users of prophylactics, while the remaining 23 use no precautions. Since most of the married AIDS victims were men, one explanation for the unsafe sex is offered by Camden County, New Jersey, AIDS Program psychologist Sophie Bronstein: "It's hard for women to place their own needs first. For a woman, it's a real nurturing act not to insist on the use of condoms." Three specific reasons for spouses rejecting protection are psychological denial of the illness, low self-esteem or a martyr complex, according to Sharon O'Leary, based on her role in the New Jersey program of counseling many such couples who have passed on condom use.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Santa left us some of his cookies."

Princely Peckers Possess Prepuces

England's bonnie Prince Charles and his princely progeny, William and Harry, all sport uncut versions of their manly scepters, according to the National Organization of Circumcision Information Resource Centers. Though Buckingham Palace has not come forth with a comment, the San Anselmo, California, organization is quite confident that the royal crowns remain untouched by the circumcision scalpel. And you thought all of Prince Charles's excess flesh was in his earlobes.

Trashy Nude Pics up for Grabs

Once a nude photograph has been thrown in the garbage and set out for collection, that picture becomes public domain; in short, all rights become property of whomever seizes it from the trash. The U.S. District Court ruled against a woman who says her rights were violated when a garbageman showed friends a nude picture of her that he had picked out of her trash. Judge Sam C. Pointer decided that the trash collector did not violate the woman's rights and owes her no damages because, "People should expect their trash to be searched by trash collectors." He recommended that unwanted photos be destroyed.

Mean Streets Safer for Teens on Run

The risk of sexual abuse faced by young teenage runaways on the street may be constant, but still less certain than abuse at home. A startling number of Toronto runaways interviewed by University of Connecticut's Reverend Mark David Janus reported that the incidence of physical or sexual abuse at home was 20% to 30% greater than actual occurrences while living on the street. Results of all runaways tallied showed that 86% of the teens had been abused at home, while only 67% reported similar treatment as runaways. Girls were not surprisingly higher in their reports of home horrors, with 94% experiencing home turmoil against 64% suffering street crimes. Researcher Janus now questions the traditional solution of reuniting teenage runaways with their families: "The street . . . may even be a safer place . . . for some of them."

50,000 Crowd Cloud Nine

The Cloud Nine Escort Service in Berkeley, California, must have lived up to its name. When police busted the call-girl operation, they found its sophisticated phone system that could handle up to 35 calls at a time enabled them to compile a computerized list of 50,000 clients. The police admit that questioning the johns is impossible, and are satisfied simply to have halted the operation.

Helms Halts TV Help

The conservative cause continues to be served nobly by Senator Jesse Helms, R-NC, who laid aside the tobacco industry banner long enough to protect landlords from transvestites. In response to a proposed Fair Housing Law update that includes a ban of discrimination against the handicapped, Helms successfully sponsored an amendment declaring that male and female cross-dressers aren't handicapped. With his usual right-wing paranoia, Helms imagined the men and women who wear the opposite gender's typical clothing would invoke the handicap protection when rejected by potential landlords. A sheepish 89 fellow solons shared this tunnel vision, with only two votes against the measure, which now holds up enactment of the legislation until the House of Representatives adds similar silliness to their version.

Contributors HUSTLER *pays $100 for each reader-submitted* Bits and Pieces *item, $150 for each* Porn From the Past *item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one* B&P *item, the payment is $50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For this month $150 goes to Lila Swedarsky.* **HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire), based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred. Said commentary is printed for the purpose of educating our readers through social commentary, and not necessarily as a humorous feature designed to enhance our readership.**

AIDS WATCH



AIDS BABY BOOM

by Jeff Jackson

American soldiers stationed in Africa in the late '70s thought they were in heaven. For under a buck, wild native women would perform any exotic sexual act they desired. Nearly a decade later, back home in the United States, one of those former GIs paid a heavy price for those "rump riding" glory days with African whores—he died of AIDS, leaving behind a dying wife and a 15-month-old baby stricken with the same disease.

There is a baby boom going on today, though it's nothing like the healthy post-World War II one. It's a shell-shocker, for an alarming number of today's newborns have the AIDS virus. Nationwide, 913 children have been diagnosed as having the AIDS virus, and more than half of them have died, according to the federal Centers for Disease Control (CDC). A startling one out of every 61 infants born in New York City carries the AIDS virus.

By 1991 health officials predict there will be 4,000 babies with an advanced case of AIDS and another 20,000 carrying the AIDS virus. In New York City alone they project over 1,400 AIDS-infected babies by the end of 1989.

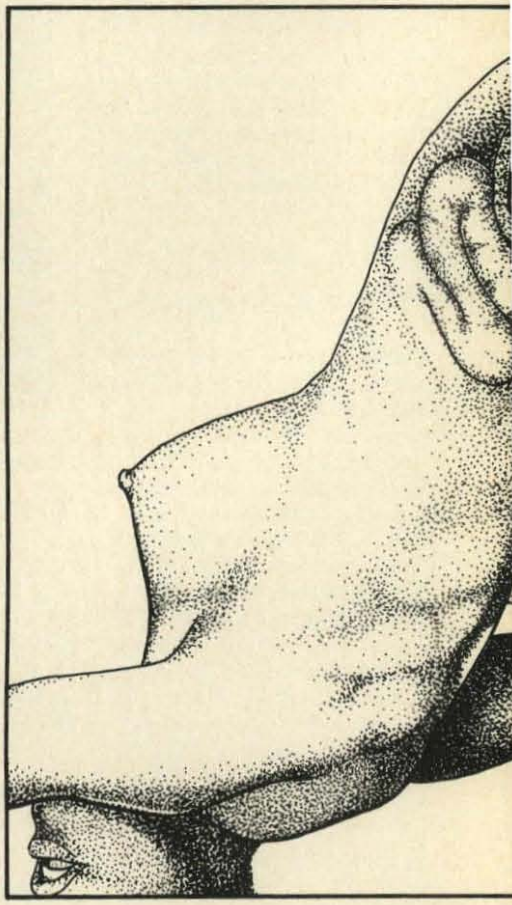
"What is alarming is that this is a higher level of infection than we had considered to be likely within the overall community," explains Dr. David Axelrod, New York's health commissioner.

Some experts predict that heterosexual AIDS infections will multiply tenfold in the next three years. "As the virus has spread into the heterosexual population, we're seeing it passed to the child from the mother," states Dr. Joseph Church, pediatric AIDS expert.

If a pregnant woman carries the AIDS virus, there is a 50% chance that her baby will have AIDS. When a woman becomes pregnant, her body changes, and if she has AIDS, the pregnancy accelerates the disease. "I advise women who are infected not to get pregnant," states Dr. Robert T. Schooley, an AIDS specialist.

"No one really has any good, solid information as to how many children are infected," Dr. Timothy Mundy, a pediatric AIDS researcher, claims. "The disease can be difficult to detect, as it often masquerades as routine childhood maladies."

Researchers believe the number of AIDS-infected infants is much higher, but they go unrecognized as AIDS-related because other immunity illnesses and diseases kill them. Furthermore, many doctors refuse to list AIDS on death certificates in an attempt to protect the families from harassment and humiliation in their communities.



Doctors are just not used to looking for AIDS in kids, says Dr. Church. "We get some babies who literally carry a sign proclaiming, 'I have AIDS,' and their family doctors have misdiagnosed them."

"Internists are terrible at compiling [medical] history, and pediatricians are worse," Mundy agrees. "They're not used to asking questions like, 'How many sexual partners has Mom had?' or "Is Dad a bisexual?'"

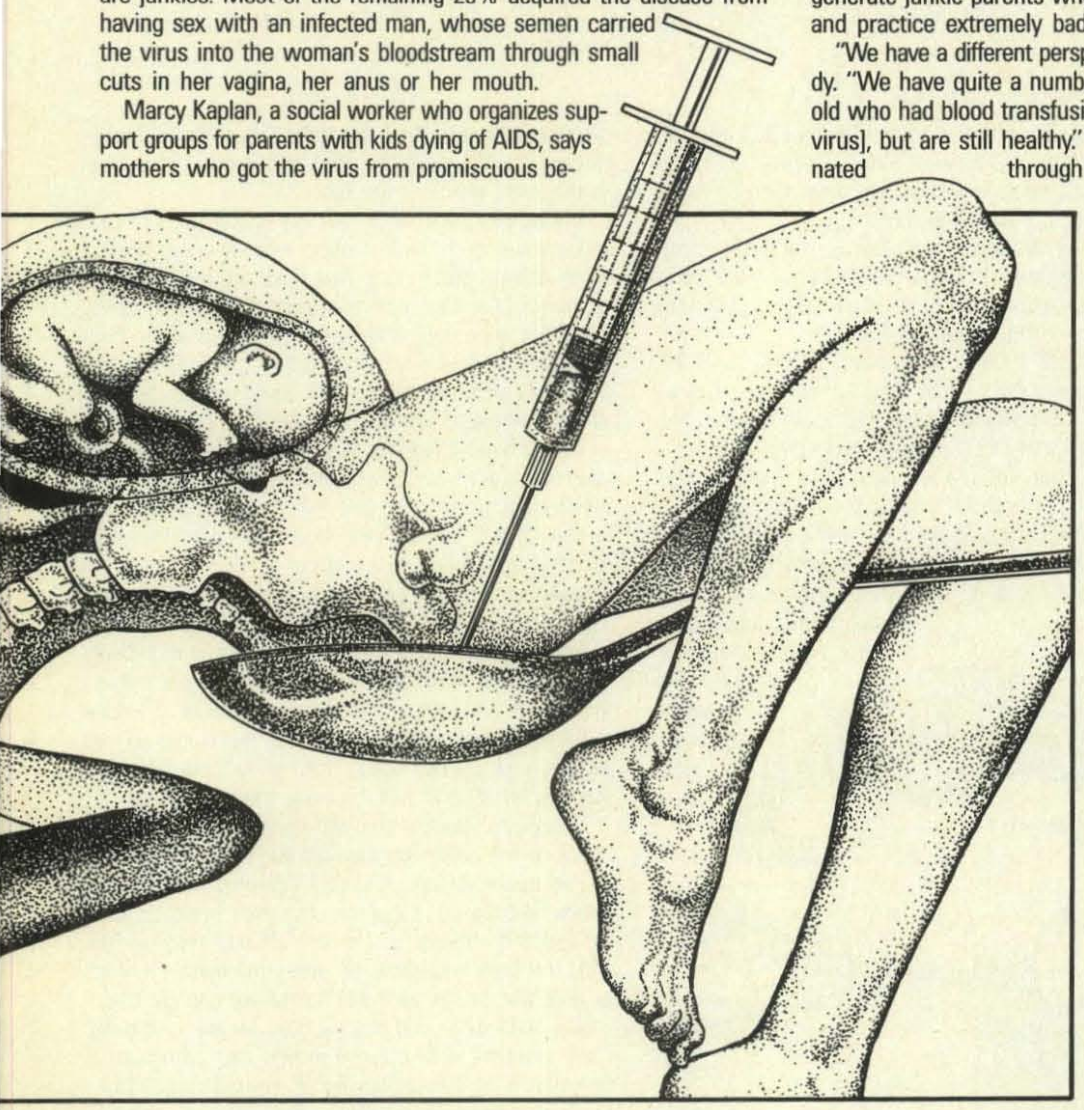
A Massachusetts survey of 30,000 women of childbearing age showed that one out of every 500 was infected with AIDS. In an attempt to discover just how far the AIDS virus has spread into the heterosexual community, studies have begun in 30 cities nationwide

to test newborn babies for AIDS. California will be conducting the largest survey, in which an estimated 120,000 newborn babies will be tested over a three-month period. The tests will be anonymous, and doctors and parents will not be given the test results.

"Basically, it will give us data on what's considered a low-risk group—heterosexual women of childbearing age," claims Kassie Edgington of the California Department of Health Services.

About 75% of the mothers who give birth to babies born with AIDS are junkies. Most of the remaining 25% acquired the disease from having sex with an infected man, whose semen carried the virus into the woman's bloodstream through small cuts in her vagina, her anus or her mouth.

Marcy Kaplan, a social worker who organizes support groups for parents with kids dying of AIDS, says mothers who got the virus from promiscuous behavior "have guilt over knowing they were with sleazy guys, but didn't give it much thought."



"We have parents who tell us their children tell them not to cry. 'Mom, don't cry,' they say. 'You never used to cry before,'" elaborates AIDS counselor Linda Zipperstein.

"Many parents are more profoundly struck by the fact that their child is sick than by their own illness," relates Pat Smaha, an AIDS social worker. "Most of them think that to be self-destructive is one thing, but to have destroyed their child's life is something else."

Controversial medical opinions exist between East Coast physicians and their West Coast counterparts over AIDS babies. Eastern-based doctors subscribe to the belief that if an AIDS-infected infant is "sick by [year] one, they're dead by two." A probable factor in the AIDS spread among infants in New York City constitutes being born to degenerate junkie parents who abuse their bodies with hard narcotics and practice extremely bad nutritional habits.

AIDSlines

Public Health Service	**National Gay Task Force**
AIDS Hotline	**800-221-7044**
800-342-2437	**212-807-6016 (NY state)**

"We have a different perspective on the West Coast," says Dr. Mundy. "We have quite a number of kids who are five, six, seven years old who had blood transfusions at birth [that infected them with the virus], but are still healthy." These kids, while accidentally contaminated through blood transfusions or their parents' sexual promiscuity, are still properly nurtured both in the womb and throughout their formative years.

Unfortunately, many AIDS babies conceived by drug abusers are abandoned in the hospitals, then dumped into adoption agencies and foster homes. Only five of 37 states surveyed have a policy governing the placement of children with AIDS in adoptive or foster homes. Very few state agencies require that mothers and babies take an AIDS test. If you're planning to adopt a child, you should insist on testing the baby, as well as investigating the background of the biological parents.

AIDS babies have certain common facial features: boxlike foreheads, flattened nose bridges and wide-set eyes with bluish whites. The infected young people stop growing; plus, their brains and nervous systems decay, making it nearly impossible for them to learn how to walk or talk. Many die of starvation because their bodies can't absorb nutrients. Rarely are AIDS children hospitalized.

"It's a voiceless population. That's what makes it different," says social worker Aviva Mayers. "The AIDS children are the children of a disorganized, stigmatized group of people who have not had a voice. They're last on the list to get services."

Some doctors are openly critical of a medical establishment that has turned its back on trying to save AIDS babies. "To give up too soon, I think, removes hope," says Dr. Church. "People who say we should let these children die in peace don't understand. This disease does not let people die peacefully."

"I went into pediatrics because I love children," states an exhausted and depressed Dr. James Oleske, who finds it hard to eat and sleep since he began treating babies with AIDS. "But with the AIDS virus, there are too many tragedies, too many deaths. Sometimes I just wish I could open up a hardware store in Maine."

Illustration by Fritz Ptasynski



Fear and hypocrisy have repressed sexual awareness, leading to the ignorance that spreads disease and creates violence, in addition to hindering our natural enjoyment of sex. This series opens the door to current sexual knowledge and expression, and improved love-making.

Illustration by Marsha Wayne Miller

A MASTURBATOR'S CONFESSIONAL

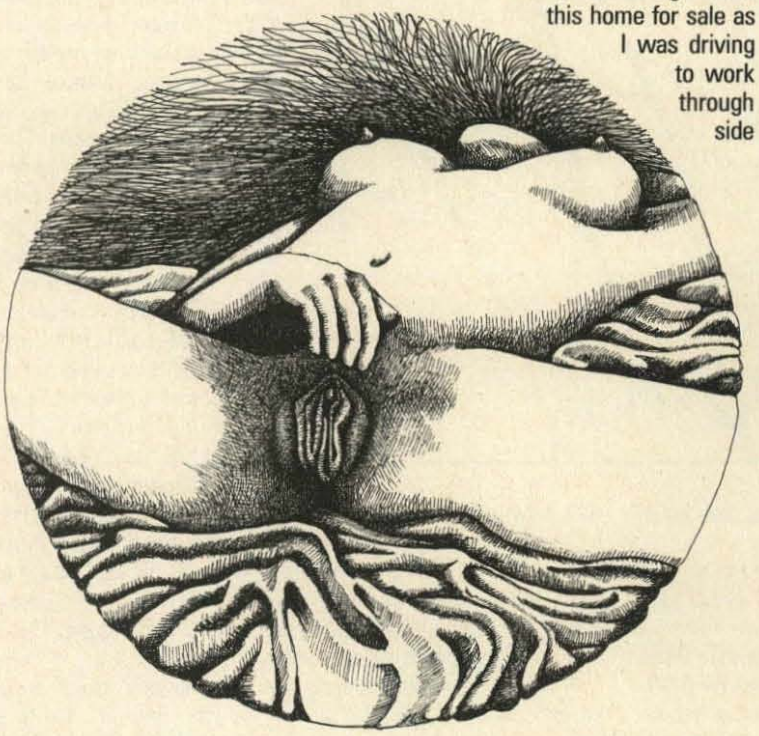
by Brian More

By way of introduction, let's just say I'm a normal, healthy man of 23 years. I'm a yuppie, I guess, if a yuppie is someone whose job pays him far more money than he needs to live.

I spend my dough on diversions, some long-lasting, some not making it through the afternoon. One thing I've always enjoyed, however, is as close as my own right hand—both hands on Fridays.

So I jerk off. I know most every church will tell me it's a major sin of one flavor or another, but to be honest, I'm not sure I can stop. I don't talk about this hobby, since I'm kind of embarrassed that I still do it now that I'm old enough—and experienced enough—to get laid pretty frequently. The trouble is, I really think I am addicted to beating off.

What I found in the attic of my new house may have something to do with that suspicion.



A few months ago I saw this home for sale as I was driving to work through side streets in order to avoid the traffic. The "For Sale" sign got my attention, but the babe on the front lawn was what made me stop the car.

It was all I could do to get her phone number and make some stupid excuse about already being late for work. What I did, in fact, was drive around the corner, pull out my hardened man-meat and beat off while I thought of her pert little ass sticking out of the bottom of her shorts. Rita was a dish! I came almost immediately, picturing in my mind those sweet, full lips of hers wrapped around my succulent pork sword.

I could almost feel her sucking me off as I shot my wad into one of the clean handkerchiefs I keep in my glove compartment for just this type of activity.

Sometimes I'm just, well, *overcome* with the urge to get myself off. I can't control it.

Needless to say, I bought the house. Hell, I needed a place to live, and this way I got to see the object of my obsession many times in the process of closing the deal. She liked me too, as I was to learn later. Whenever we were alone, she would be very aware of her body, brushing a hand across her nipple on the way to pick up her coffee cup, or rubbing her legs together instead of just crossing them once.

Eventually, though, she and her husband (whom I heard of but never met) moved out, and I moved in.

The house looked strangely different without the things I'd come to recognize—the chair I used to fantasize she'd straddle as I jerked off and sprayed her with hot cum was gone, as was the couch I longed to fuck her on, as well as that pretty canopy bed.

The bed was a good fantasy, even for me —so good I could get off with it twice in one day, with a little variation. First, I could tie her up, spread-eagled from the four posters. Then I could either force her to suck me while I fucked her face or I could just fuck her hot snatch while she writhed in ectasy.

All that was gone now, and I had to make the place into my home without her. Almost.

About a week after I got all my shit settled in, I wanted to put a bunch of stuff in the attic—suitcases, empty boxes, the usual. When I got up there, I found that Rita had not taken all her things out of the attic.

There was the standard attic fare, an old tennis racket, some old shoes, some books. I wondered what kind of material my lovely Rita would read, so I picked up

the top one and opened it. To my surprise, these were not books she read, but books she *wrote*.

How anyone could move away and forget her diary I didn't know, but after a few pages I started to figure it out. The books were about me!

My prick stiffened at the first mention of my name in her handwriting. "This really hot guy came to look at the house today," she wrote. "It had been days since I could get Mark to fuck me, and as soon as he left, I went upstairs and vibrated myself to the moon thinking of this sexy stranger."

Holy fuck! She was thinking the same thing I was.

As I read more of her journal, I could see she and I had many of the same problems—mostly we both couldn't keep our hands out of our own pants. Even on the days when her husband fucked her brains out (and did I ever get the juicy details!) she'd more often than not get herself off again by hand once he fell asleep or went back to work after his lunch hour.

Rita was an insatiable fantasizer, just like me. I jerk off in the morning, just like everyone else in the free world, but I also excuse myself for a trip to the men's room around 10:30 in the morning for a quick one. Then there's lunchtime, during which I usually make a stop back at the house. Before I had the benefit of Rita's personal stroke-log, I used magazines, my imagination, whatever. But I got off before going back to work.

After a start like that, I could usually make it through the afternoon okay, promising my hard-on relief after dinner. So I'd eat alone and jerk myself off right after, dreaming about days with Rita that never happened.

I think what started me worrying about how much I pound the pud was Rita. She wrote often about how she thought she must be some kind of nymphomaniac, needing to get off so many times a day. She kept making notes to call her gynecologist about it, but then she always chickened out, I guess, because there was never any mention of it again in her daily journal.

Speaking for myself, I was getting off at least four times a day, a considerably harder feat for a man than for a woman any day. Was I depleting some finite amount of sperm, some specific number of allotted erections? Would I be unable to get it up with a real girl if I used up my ration on Rosy and her five sisters?

The more I read of Rita's guilt and fear, the more I felt like maybe I should consider this a problem. Then I was hit by an idea: I would start writing my own diary, trying to get it out of my system with words instead of genetic material. Maybe the pen really would be mightier than the sword. I vowed to give it a week, carrying a little notebook with me in case I was smitten with the urge while away from the privacy of my own home. Funny how I needed privacy to write, but I was perfectly at home giving myself the quick one-two behind the wheel of my car at a red light.

My first entries were awkward. I had never kept a journal as a kid or even a young adult, so I was new to the blank page. But a diary is a great listener, never being too busy or out of town, and never interrupting.

So I jotted at first. "God, this bitch is hot. I'd like to fuck her hard right now." It was a start. I found it easier to write at home, where I could be comfortable—even naked if I wanted—and really get into the fantasy without having to worry about who noticed my permanently saluting flagpole.

Mostly I wrote about Rita. There was so much of hers around to remind me: her house; her journals; my memories of her face, tits and lovely butt cheeks.

"I'm spreading her cheeks now. I've bent her over the bed, and I'm bending down to lick her sweet snatch before I plunge into her hole. As soon as my tongue hits her, she starts to squirm and moan. Her cunt is hot and inviting, glistening with my spit and her juices. I can't wait another minute. I grab her hips and give her all I've got, ramming her tight box and reaching around to pinch her nipples."

Not bad for a college dropout, eh? Well, I enjoy logging my fantasies. I think it may even be helping me with my problem, although now I can't stop writing about Rita.

Everywhere I look I picture her pouty mouth sucking my dick until it explodes down her throat. Every pair of tits I see makes me want to write about fucking Rita's big, soft knockers and shooting my wad all over them, making her into a giant glazed donut.

I drive by a place that sells leather goods, and immediately I find myself lost in a reverie that involves Rita, a great wooden cross, rope and a riding crop. In my mind I can see her try to squirm free while I caress her flesh with the riding crop. I hit her nipple lightly, and it springs to attention. Rita moans, but it is not in pain—not bad pain. I can see her juices start to flow onto her thighs. Now I invite others in the room to swat her rump. When I can wait no longer, I untie her bonds and lay her body on the floor. I fuck her while the others watch and enjoy.

My little confessional has helped me conserve bodily fluids, I'll admit, but I'm not sure I haven't traded one addiction for another. Everyone at work thinks I'm working on some great American novel or something. They ask me if they might be able to read a few chapters of this writing I'm so absorbed in.

Since most writers (I'm told) don't feel comfortable showing unfinished work to anyone, I get off pretty easily about not showing my work around or putting it up on the company bulletin board for inspection.

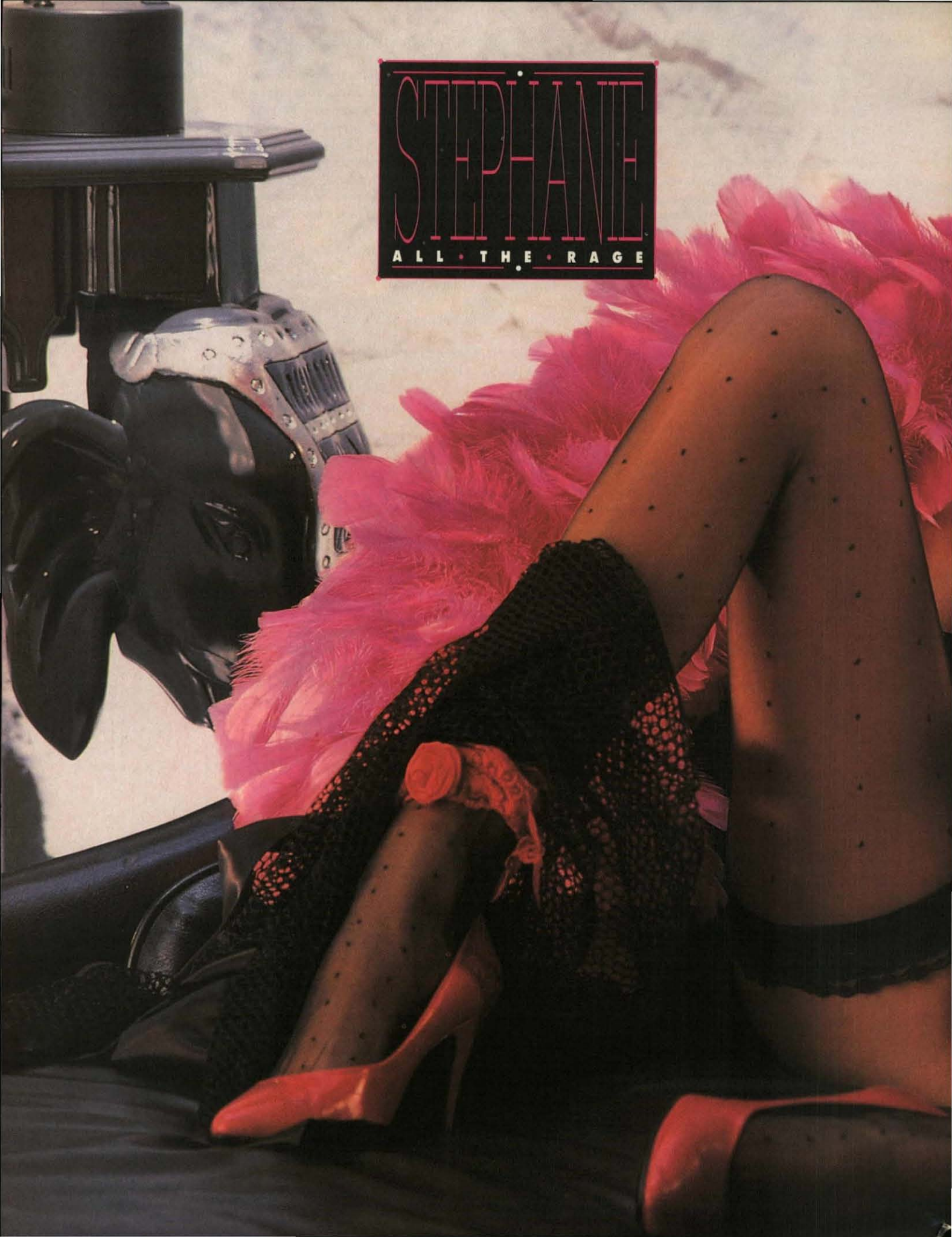
I have, however, been tempted to join a writing workshop a few friends are talking about putting together. The only thing stopping me is that I don't know quite how these pretty regular folks would take to the kind of subject matter I want to write about. I have no interest at all in writing anything nonsexual, you see. I just need to keep the fantasies flowing.

Maybe keeping this whole thing to myself is still the best idea, or perhaps I should try to play up the confessional bit, then move to Hollywood for a movie deal. I hear there's always room at the top.

That's a good one—"Rita's on top, with a little pink lace bra that's cut out to show her nipples, which she's rouged. She's riding me like a good little cowgirl should, reaching around to play with my balls, slowly working her finger into my asshole, feeling for my prostate. We both know when she finds it, because I start bucking and wheezing, right before I shoot my red-hot pistol into her boiling beaver."

I don't know if I'm ready for Hollywood, but I sure am ready for another beer. And remind me to pick up a new diary.

Even on the days her husband fucked her brains out, she'd still get herself off again by hand.


STEPHANE
ALL · THE · RAGE



Photography by James Baes



Some sexvid fans complain that they just don't know Stephanie Rage. Maybe because she's usually facedown in Angela Baron's muff or impaled at the end of a professional stud-stick, many strokers haven't gotten a good, long, *hard* look at this voracious vixen. What you see is a delicious little tart—a thin-bodied, firm-titted sextress who combines elfin charm with street smarts. This potent mix makes her one of the most fiery fucks in all of filmdom, and causes many a porn viewer to wear down the skin on his crank. So, for HUSTLER readers only, here's Stephanie in a few *still* shots. Go ahead—get to know her.













PENILE IMPLANTS

"Once a patient's potent, he can rape ten women a day. It never gets soft; it's semierect," cautions Dr. Elist.

"Sarah," whispers Nate urgently to his wife as she lies by his side watching *Golden Girls* on the bedroom TV, "it's back."

Sarah is surprised by Nate's lascivious leer; she has not seen the grimace of lust on his face for years, since long before he sold the business and retired. Weinbellum pulls back the covers, and his wife's eyes feast on a greater surprise yet. It is as if she witnesses the reappearance of a relative presumed long dead. Still, years of disappointment have made her skeptical.

"Maybe we should get a picture before it goes away," she cracks in characteristically deprecating humor.

"It's not going anywhere," promises Nate, slickening his proud, protruding schwanz with a dollop of K-Y Jelly, "at least not until it's gone up your fleshy bagel and spread cream cheese on your smelly lox."

"You know I hate that kind of talk," complains Sarah as Nate positions himself between her protractedly inviolate thighs. "Act your age."

But Nate, who hasn't had a dependable erection during the past decade of his 70 years, refuses to behave a minute over 55.

"Let me at least turn out the lights," whines Sarah as Nate fills her long-vacant hole. His newly firm poniard slides into his wife's disused sheath; he's there to see the penetration. A flood of sensations washes over both of them, intense feelings each had relegated to the irretrievable past. Nate moves easy at first, cautious that he might damage some part of his penile apparatus. After a few moments of exquisite stroking, he picks up the pace, stirring Sarah's wet depths. She is so moved that she almost forgets to lie perfectly still.

It's been a long time coming, and Nate's cup soon brims over, well before he has sipped his fill, in an aching ecstasy of release.

"I should have had this done 15 years ago," sighs Nate, rolling off of Sarah and wiping on the sheet. He pictures the Mexican housekeeper, who comes in on Mondays and Thursdays, in a whole new light.

"I'll say you should have," echoes Sarah, daubing at herself peevishly with a tissue. *He'll reopen my Bloomingdale's charge account*, she thinks, *before I let him do* that *to me again.*

• • •

In truth, there would have been no help for Nate 15 years ago. As recently as a decade back, the treatment for impotence was limited at best; even diagnoses were incomplete. "Ten years ago," says Dr. James J. Elist, a Beverly Hills, California, urologist specializing in fertility and male sexual dysfunctions, "about 90% of all impotency was diagnosed as psychogenic—in the patient's head. The other 10% was said to result from the patient being old and diabetic. Treatment was zero, except hormones. But hormone shots don't help, because decreased hormones are not the cause of impotency."

The medical community has taken great strides in both recognizing the causes of impotency and alleviating the malady. Psychological disturbances are still recognized as the root problem of many men who suffer from an inability to achieve or sustain an erection. If a patient wakes up with a flush joint in the morning, or is able to achieve erection during masturbation, oral sex or any other type of erotic play, then his inability to couple is psychological. He is likely to benefit from psychiatric therapy.

Most urologists are reluctant to treat a mental problem with a penile implant. Though the prosthesis would certainly function, restoring the potency of a sexually maladjusted patient is comparable to giving a delusional psychotic a loaded pistol. "Most of the physicians who perform this procedure," cautions Elist, "are very careful about the mental situations of their patients. Once a patient's potent, he can rape ten women in a day. It never gets soft; it's semierect, and he can get an erection instantly. If the patient's mental status is unclear, I don't do it."

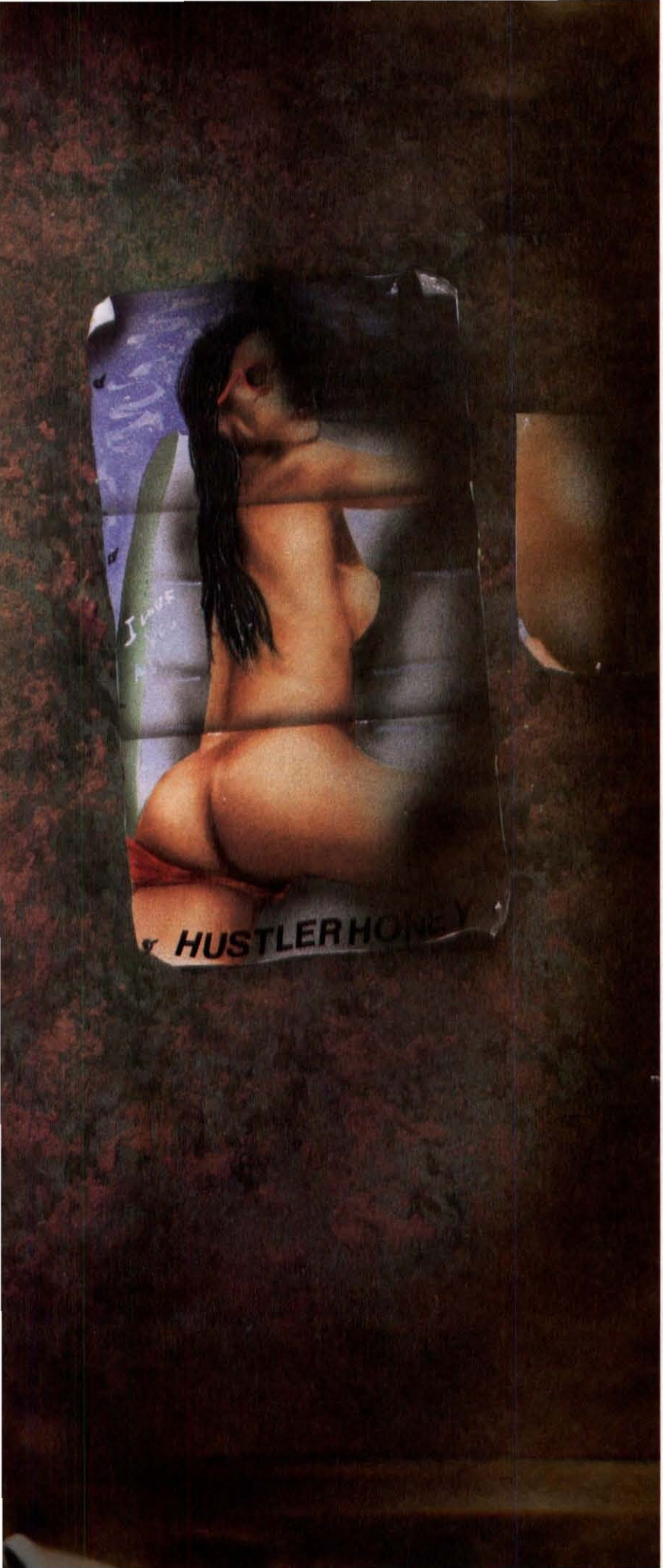
But a substantial number of the penile afflicted can now trace their infirmity directly to a physical factor, which will in turn lead to a direct cure. Beginning in 1979 with impotency research during his residency at Washington, D.C.'s Washington Medical Center, Dr. Elist has been at the forefront of developing treatments to restore full function to men whose lingams are limp due to biological foibles.

"Impotency is a vascular problem," declares Dr. Elist. The penis has two internal chambers, the *corpora cavernosa*, that must gorge with blood in order for lift-off to occur. "If the blood doesn't pump in, it doesn't go up."

The flow of blood to the penis can be affected by such diverse determinants as paraplegia, gunshot wounds, car accidents, diabetes or heart problems—in short, any physical condition that weakens the blood flow or interferes with the workings of the nervous system. Certain chem-







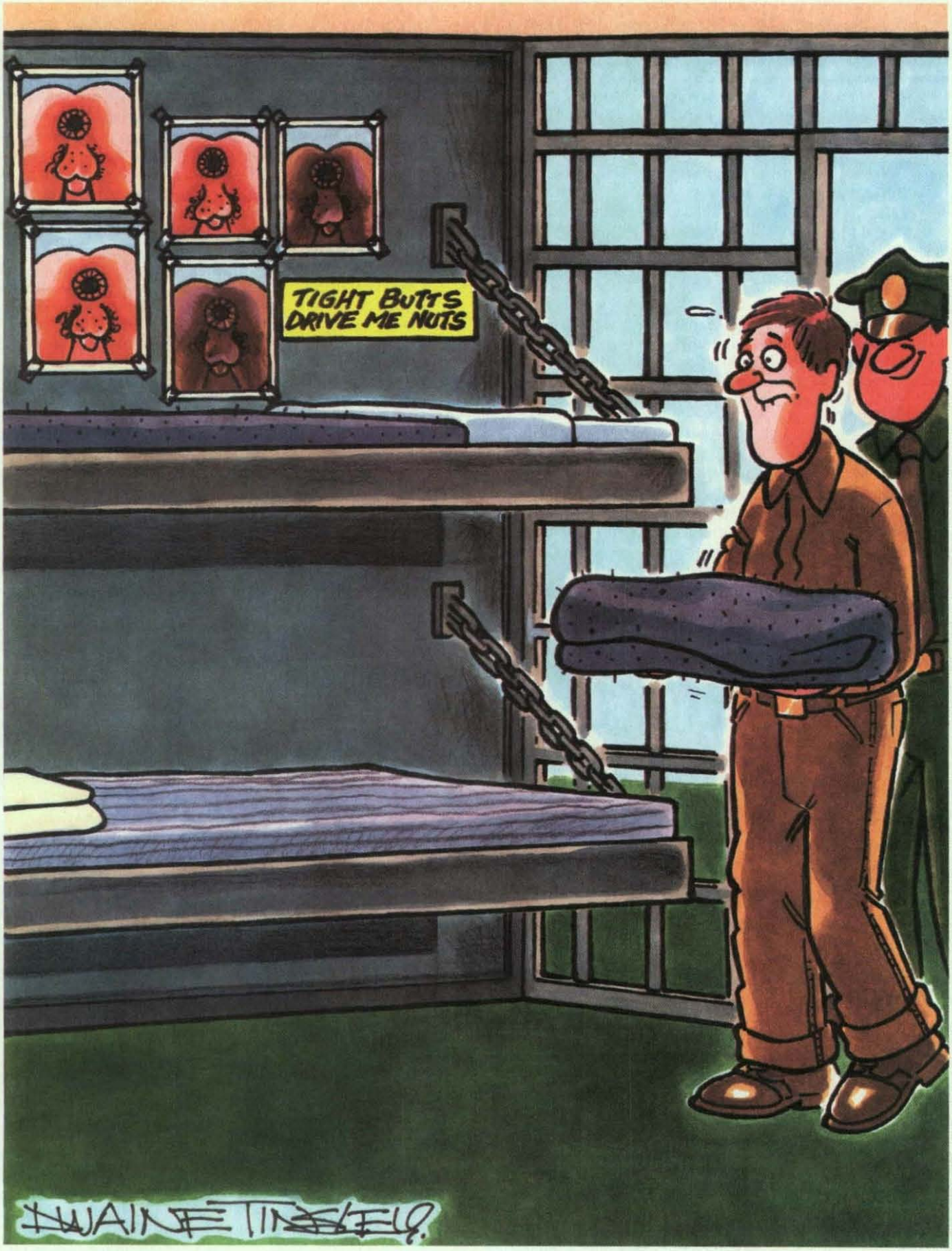
PENILE IMPLANTS:

give the man a bone

Article by Kurt Blume

Illustration by Jean Camille Bianic

NATE WEINBELLUM has been home from the hospital for six weeks. His stitches have all absorbed, and any discomfort or pain from his operation is a dim memory, as vague and unreal as the drugged dreams of that single night on the surgical ward. Concrete and immediate, in contrast, Weinbellum's penis throbs with life.


TIGHT BUTTS
DRIVE ME NUTS
DWAINE TINSLEY

PENILE IMPLANTS

Every man with a functionable penis has between six and eight erections per night during REM deep sleep.

icals also wreak havoc on a penis's boner-building supply of blood, specifically alcohol, nicotine, heart medications, hypertensive drugs, any medication for high blood pressure and some medications taken for gastric and peptic ulcers, such as Tagamet and Zantac.

Cock-crippling effects are reversible in virtually 100% of all cases, promises Elist, once a patient's lack of erection has been ascribed to causes other than psychological. An array of tests, ranging from common-sense simplicity to technically sophisticated, determine whether penile blood flow is materially obstructed or merely subject to a mental block.

Every man who's equipped with a functionable penis has between six and eight erections per night during the REM cycle of deep sleep. If this nocturnal tumescence occurs, it indicates that a man's handicap is in his head. If there is no hard-on activity for one or two nights running, the difficulty is presumed biological.

The snap gauge is the most basic method of detecting sleep-time stiffs or their absence. A strip of celluloid and foam rubber, the snap gauge is placed around the base of a patient's penis as he goes to bed. Any erection during the night will break the strip. If the gauge is intact in the morning, the man has had no tumescence.

Drooping salamis who want to spend extra simoleons may opt for the NPT (nocturnal penile tumescence) test. Two wires encircle the penis, one at the base and one at the tip. These wires are connected to a computerized monitor. If the patient pops a rod during his sleep, the wires distend. This distension is transmitted through the wires to the machine, which records on a line graph the frequency, quantity and duration of the patient's erections. The drawbacks, other than greater cost, are disturbed deep sleep due to an awkwardly wired penis and noise from the machine.

Even more uncomfortable, expensive and inconvenient were studies done at the University of San Francisco. A contrasting pigment was injected into the patient's system, producing a color picture of obstructed vessels on a TV screen. Dr. Elist eschews this type of potentially dangerous test, noting that most insurance companies (including Medicare) are perfectly satisfied to pay for therapy or prosthesis solely on the basis of a snap-gauge test.

Some men muster an initial erection, but the penis goes soft as they approach penetration. This condition was assumed to be a sign of emotional ambivalence until six or seven years ago, when studies were conducted on exertion and erection. Researchers discovered pelvic stel syndrome. When stel patients go into motion, the flow is stolen from the penis by the stronger gluteus muscles, which require copious amounts of blood when active. The stel syndrome is easily diagnosed using a Doppler study on exertion. An electronic advancement on the stethoscope, the Doppler gauge enables a physician to listen to the blood traffic or lack thereof in individual veins and arteries within the penis.

"Patient history is the most important thing," posits Elist, as the probable cause of a particular patient's vascular dysfunction determines his initial course of treatment. Smokers are asked to stop smoking (in some studies, 38% of smokers regained erectile tension after giving up cigarettes); drinkers are advised to cut back the sauce; patients taking inhibitive drugs for heart disease, high blood pressure or ulcers are encouraged to change their medication; and diabetics are assisted in stabilizing their blood sugar.

After two weeks, Elist reevaluates the patient. If the preliminary measures have proven effective, they are instituted as a long-term regimen. Patients who show no positive response below the belt are given medications intended to increase the blood flow (not the blood pressure) to the body's extremities.

Vasodilan, a direct-acting medication used for many years to remedy diminished blood flow to the brains and nervous systems of stroke victims, also has a high success rate with relieving impotency. Yohimbine, developed from the African yohimbine plant, increases blood flow indirectly; it stimulates the part of the nervous system that controls the opening of blood vessels within the penis.

Patients for whom yohimbine or Vasodilan is successful stay with that treatment. Elist apprises those whose crotches persist in listlessness of one more option before considering prosthetic surgery.

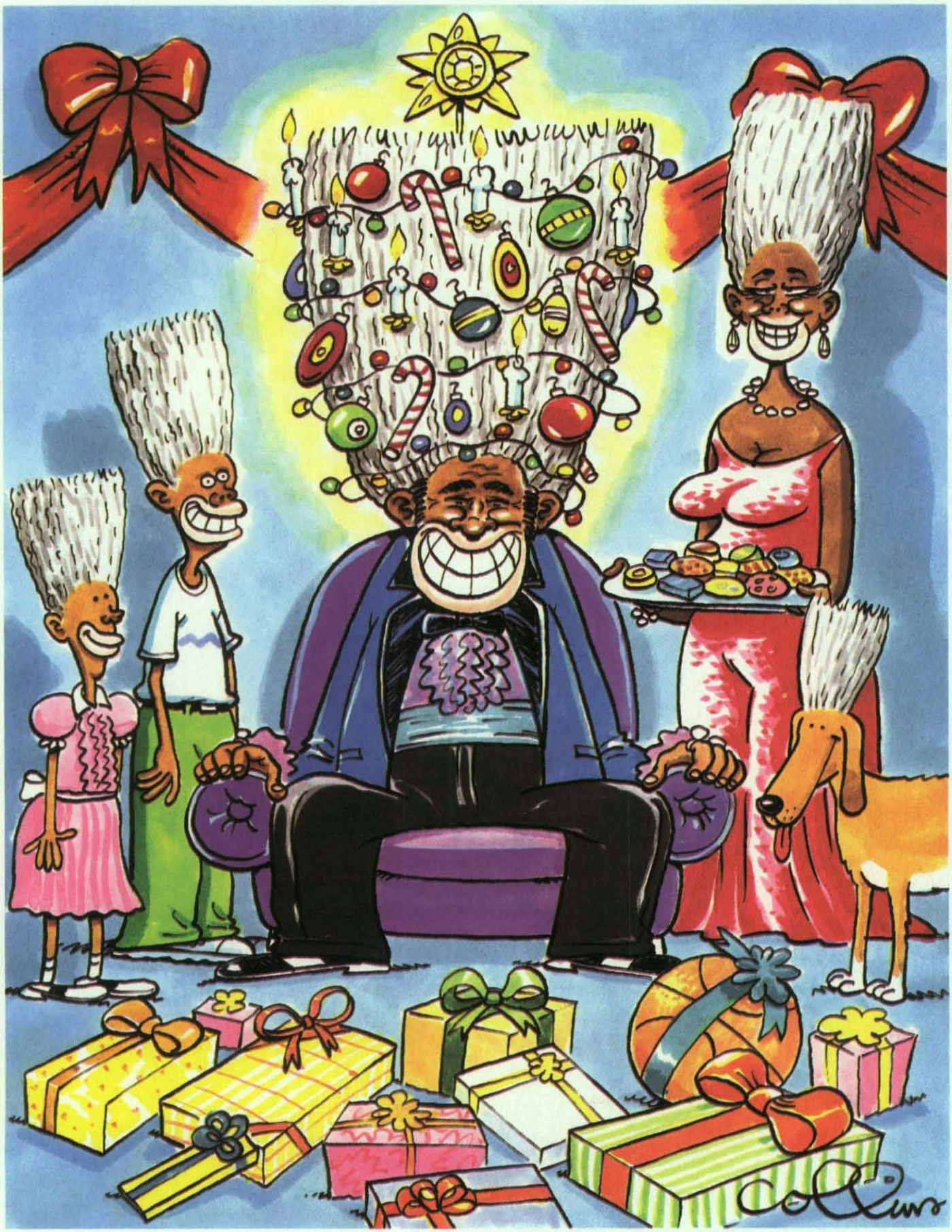
Erection by injection sounds painful and is admittedly uncomfortable. IC (intercavernosa) injection entails sticking a hypodermic needle through the penis, directly into the two internal cylinders, introducing an erection-inducing fluid called papaverine. Erection ensues ten to 15 minutes after shooting up the penis and lasts for approximately two hours. Each wang-swelling shot costs $25.

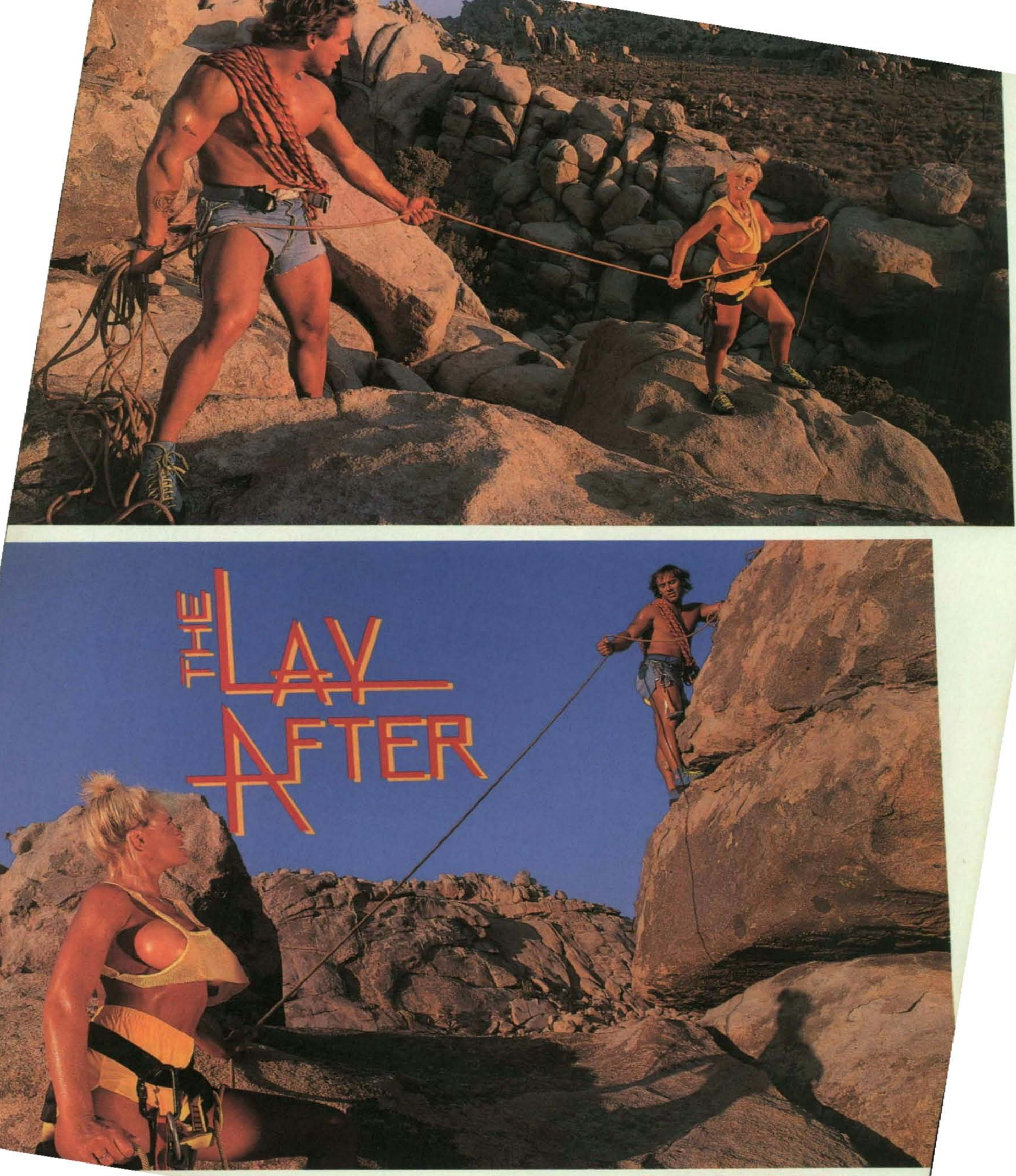
(continued on page 88)



"Wow! Look at that sucker go!"

XMAS AT DON KING'S.





Photography by Matti Klatt





Good fortune for Adolph and Eva that they'd been on a rock-climbing expedition when megaton madness finally reached a paranoid peak and turned most of the population into greasy spots. This proud pale-haired pair left wet spots across the floor of the bleached landscape, following a vision of repopulating the planet with Aryan hordes. Anyone who'd accuse these post-nuke nookie nazis of milking a single concept to death hasn't seen them







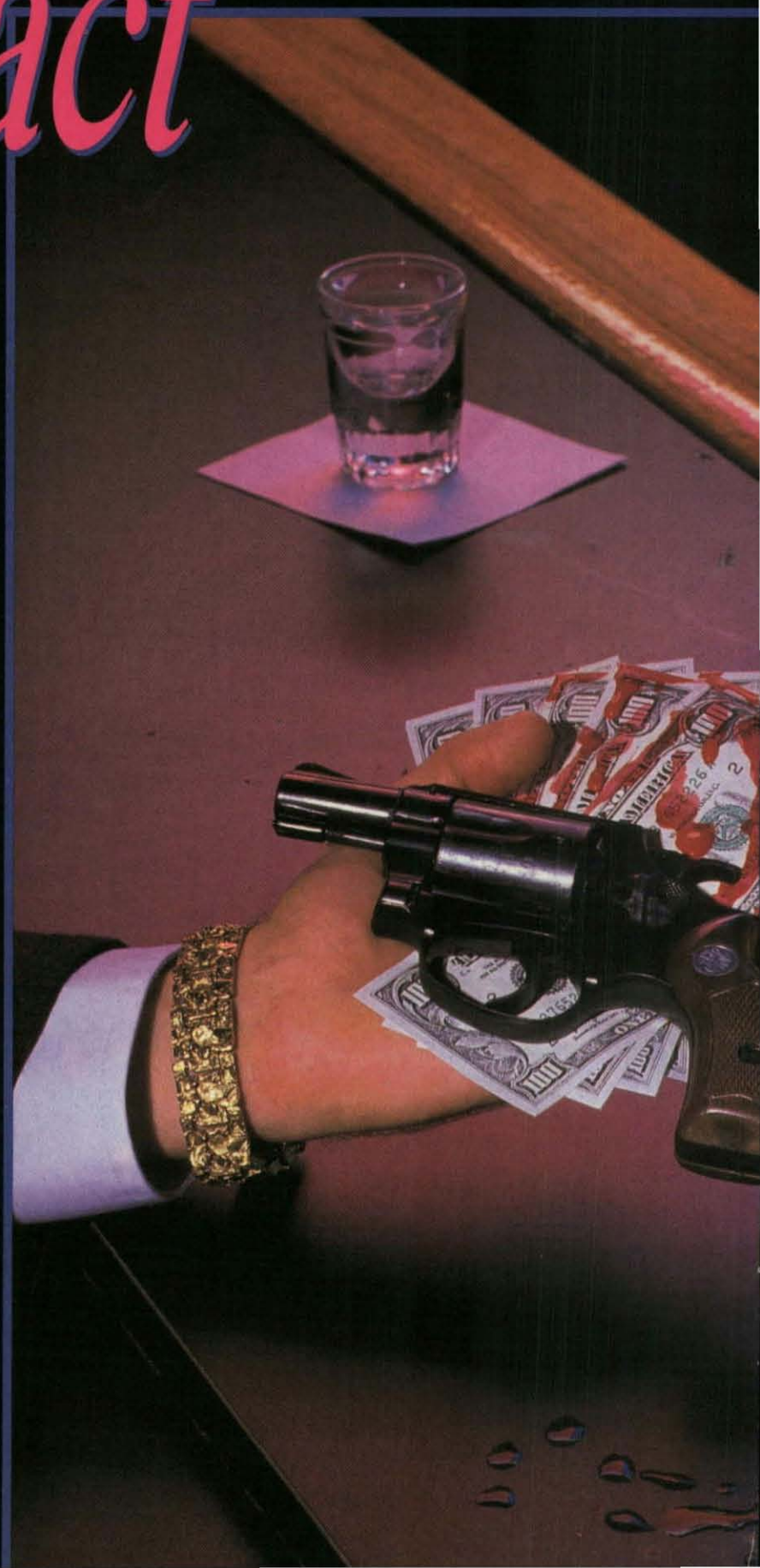


cavort in every imaginable position under the ozone-depleted sunshine. Of course, anyone who would see them is probably a dark-haired mutant whom Adolph would exterminate, then be rewarded by platinum-pated Eva submissively sucking his schwanstika. But wait . . . is this just a recurring dream, or does every mushroom cloud have a silver lining?

I WAS RECRUITED BY A

Contract Killer

FIRSTHAND ACCOUNT BY RICHARD LEE SAVAGE



In June of 1985 Richard Michael Savage, former policeman, prison guard and entrepreneur, placed an $87 classified ad in *Soldier of Fortune* magazine. "GUN FOR HIRE: 37-year-old professional mercenary desires jobs. Vietnam Veteran. Discreet and very private. Bodyguard, courier and other special skills. All jobs considered."

The ad listed the phone number of a seedy Tennessee strip club from which Savage, who had never been to Vietnam, ran a stable of bungling hitmen, many of whom—Sean Trevor Doutre, William Buckley, Tommy and Gary Henderson, Sheri-Lynn Breeden—doubled as employees of the bar. The ring was smashed by the February 1986 arrests of its kingpins, but not before freelance assassins had accepted contracts for killings in eight states. Aside from a fatal shooting and bludgeoning, Savage's minions were responsible for placing a bomb that went off harmlessly in the cargo hold of a Dallas airliner with 154 people aboard.

Richard *Lee* Savage, a 29-year-old out-of-work musician unrelated to Richard *Michael* Savage, stumbled upon this nest of snipers while they were at their peak, and was very nearly ensnared. This is his story, in his own words.



Photo by Koji Takei

CONTRACT KILLER

I didn't consider it work. The girls were naked the majority of the time. . .I liked it.

I found myself in a situation that I didn't think would ever happen to me. At the time I wasn't really putting it together in my head to know what was going on. I should have gotten out of it.

I like to drink, and I like to be in a bar with music and socialize with people. If there's go-go dancers that's undressed, that's fine. I like that too.

There was five different clubs there in Knoxville, and I went in all of them. It was one dancer there I'd follow around. When she'd change jobs, I'd go to the place she was working at. She started at the Continental Club, and I walked in.

The Continental Club is out on Chapman Highway, about ten miles from downtown Knoxville. It was a pretty dark place inside, just a dance floor that had a jukebox. It was a Buford Pusser-type beer joint, nasty-looking outside and inside both. It was one of the worst clubs I'd ever been in before. I can't go as far as saying it stunk, because it didn't, but it just wasn't too clean.

When you first get to the club, the bar was on the left. Straight back was a small section where people could get what they called a *lap dance*. That's where a girl would take her clothes off for $10 and then set in your lap and see if she couldn't get you to go to the motel room with her.

Businessmen come in there; out-of-town businessmen come in; even a couple of off-duty policemen come in. Quite a few that come in belonged to motorcycle clubs, the Outlaws from Knoxville.

I was setting at the bar, minding my own business. There'd been some disagreement between the bartender and a bouncer, and the bouncer had quit. Then they had some trouble with a waitress named Joyce and her boyfriend, and Debbie Mattingly [Richard Michael Savage's wife] come and got me.

The waitress's sister, Diane, was the bartender and also the manager over the dancers. Diane got Joyce the job, but that didn't matter to the boyfriend. The waitress didn't dance none, but the boyfriend was jealous. He didn't want her to have nothing to do with the place.

I'm not going to say that I'm pretty big. I am, but I don't appear to be. I'm 5-10, and I weigh 195 pounds, and I've been this size for about five years. I'm not a fat person; it's all distributed equal. I've got a black belt in karate.



I just told the boyfriend, "You can't come back in. Whyn't you go on off and cool off?"

He tried to force his way in, and I just took him out. There was a back set of stairs from the Continental Club. I put him outside, and he took off walking down the road.

Debbie stayed there in the stairway talking to Joyce. I went back after I put the guy out, sat back down at the bar, started drinking my beer again. Debbie came down, and she said, "Do you want a job?"

She hired me right on the spot.

When Dick [Richard Michael Savage] come in, Debbie told him she'd hired me because the other guy'd quit. Dick wanted to see my driver's license. I showed him, and he said, "I don't believe this. We can't have the same name."

I said, "We do, except for our middle names."

It was like he didn't want to believe it. To me it was just a freak thing, but Dick was a little bit paranoid.

• • •

Tommy Henderson and me were the main two bouncers while I was working there. We worked from four o'clock in the afternoon until the bar closed, usually about two o'clock in the morning. We were paid $60 a week. When I got hired, Dick said, "You can drink all the beer you want." He figured all the beer that you wanted would be maybe two six-packs a night. I started drinking a little bit more than that, and I had to start paying for it.

I didn't consider it work. The girls were naked the majority of the time, and on any night there'd be about 15 girls working there. Most of the time we'd just sit there. We'd have to walk around and make sure the guys wasn't touching nobody and answer the door, but I liked it.

The girls could set on the guys' laps, but the guys could not touch the girls. The guy had to keep his hands on the table or anywhere, but not on the girl. It happened, but we tried to keep it from happening. If the cops come in and saw this, then we'd all got busted.

Tommy and me both were told that if anybody wanted in that had a chain wallet, they had to tuck the chain in; they had to take the knife off. If they had a gun on them, they had to take it out and leave it at the bar. They couldn't wear no black T-shirts in. You gotta have a shirt with a collar on it. You couldn't come in nasty-looking.

I had to get rough with a couple of people a couple of times. Tommy and me both had stun guns, we both had mace, and we carried them at all times while we's working.



"Dig it. . . the Big Guy is getting tired of you stealing His kid's Christmas action!"

CONTRACT KILLER

One night I threw a guy down the stairs. When he hit the floor, he busted the back of his head wide open.

One time I told a guy three different times, "Don't touch the dancers." I'd had a problem with him when he come in. He had a gun on him. He was kind of mad when we stopped him carrying that in. The rest of the time he was in there he was gonna do what he wants to do. The third time I told him, "You're going to have to leave now."

He just sat there and looked at me and said, "I'm not going nowhere."

So I jerked him up and took him down the stairs physically. Tommy come behind me to make sure there wasn't no trouble. Tommy got his gun and brought it down and gave it to him. He didn't shoot us. He knew better.

One night I threw a guy down the stairs. He was bigger than me; there was no way I could pick him up and carry him out. When he hit the floor, he busted the back of his head wide open. The guy got back up and was gonna come back up. Me and Tommy blocked his way, and Dick come down and said, "No, man, you gotta go. Look at the back of your head."

Dick told the guy, "I'll call a taxi and pay for your taxi home." Which he did. Dick seemed like a very caring person, but he didn't want no attention brought to the club at all.

It got so it'd be my job to go rent the motel rooms. Every day when we come in, we had to go to the motel down the road or one back in the opposite direction, toward Knoxville, and rent two or three rooms. Dick had some arrangement. There was no actual cash going from my hand to the motel clerk's hands. It was just, "Hey, I need two, three rooms," and I'd get it.

We'd bring the keys back to the club and put them behind the bar. If a girl wanted to take somebody out, she'd tell him what motel to meet her at. She'd pick up her key, tell us where she was going, and that was it.

One night a dancer, Mary, took a guy to another motel room, and that's where she made her mistake. The guys got in there, and they gang-banged her, and they beat her. When she come back, Dick sent Tommy and his stepbrother Gary to see if they could find the guys, but they done checked out of the motel rooms. I don't think that Dick would have just smacked them. I don't think that he would have called the police.

Every now and then there would be a police raid, about once a week. They were looking for underage dancers. About six or eight county cops come in. By the time they come in, me or Tommy done shined our flashlights up the stairway to let everybody know the cops was coming, and everything appeared legal. The cops'd go around and check to see if everything looked right. Around Knoxville you had to have a valid membership card to be in a private club. If you were in the club and you did not have a valid membership card, that right there could have you arrested. They'd go in the bathrooms and look. They'd shine their flashlights all around dark corners and see if things were going on. They'd send people that looked like they were drunk downstairs and, as soon as they walked out of the club, arrest them.

The first night I was working there, I let in a Knox County deputy in plain clothes. I didn't know who he was. He had a membership card, and he paid his fee, and he went upstairs. Tommy asked me did I realize who I'd let in. He said, "You just let a cop in."

That cop stopped a lot of things. The underage dancers couldn't come out of the dressing room. There was people calling the club wanting Dick. Dick couldn't talk openly on the telephone with a cop there. I couldn't figure out why everybody was so upset I let somebody in like that.

• • •

The first time I suspected anything going on was when Peaches introduced the gun dealers to Dick. I was living with Peaches at the time, and it kind of shocked me right then. I'd met her while she was dancing at another club in Knoxville, the Mouse's Ear. She was tall, about 5-9, 5-10, skinny, dyed her hair kind of a dirty blond. She had tattoos on both arms. She used to run with a motorcycle club. I didn't know nothing else about her background, other than that she'd spent time in Goochland Correctional Center for Women up in Virginia.

I went downstairs to let the person in that rang the doorbell, and there was a black van parked right out in front of the door. The two back doors was open on the van; there was two men standing there, scraggly looking, kind of dirty, long hair. Peaches was running up and down the stairs, talking to Dick. Dick come downstairs. There was an open crate of guns in the back of the van. There were shotguns and rifles both in there, approximately ten to 15. The transaction went from the van to the trunk of Dick's car.

They came in for a while after that. I tried to card them, and Dick said, "They

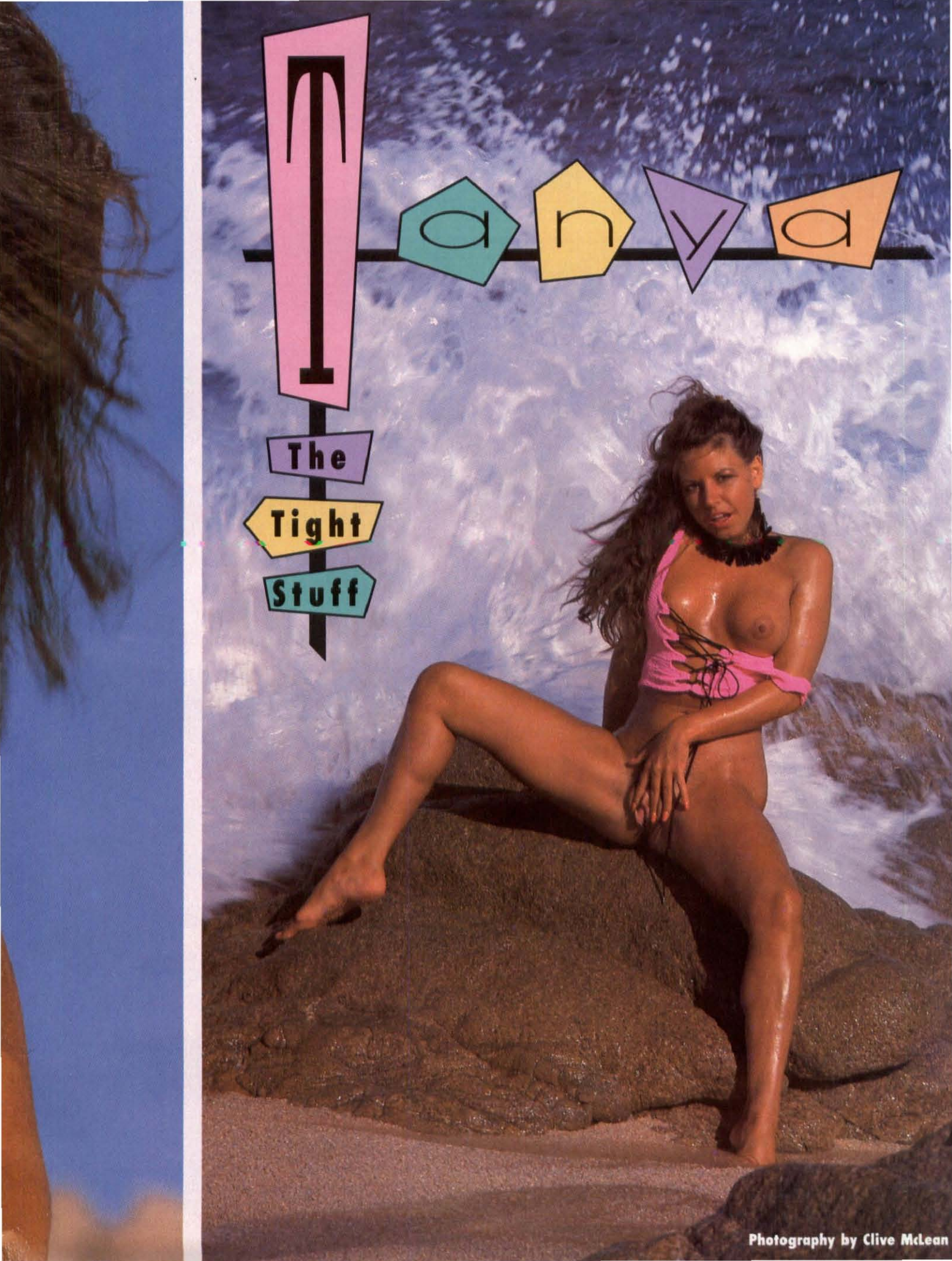
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"He can't talk now; his tongue is cramping."


Santa's
WORKSHOP



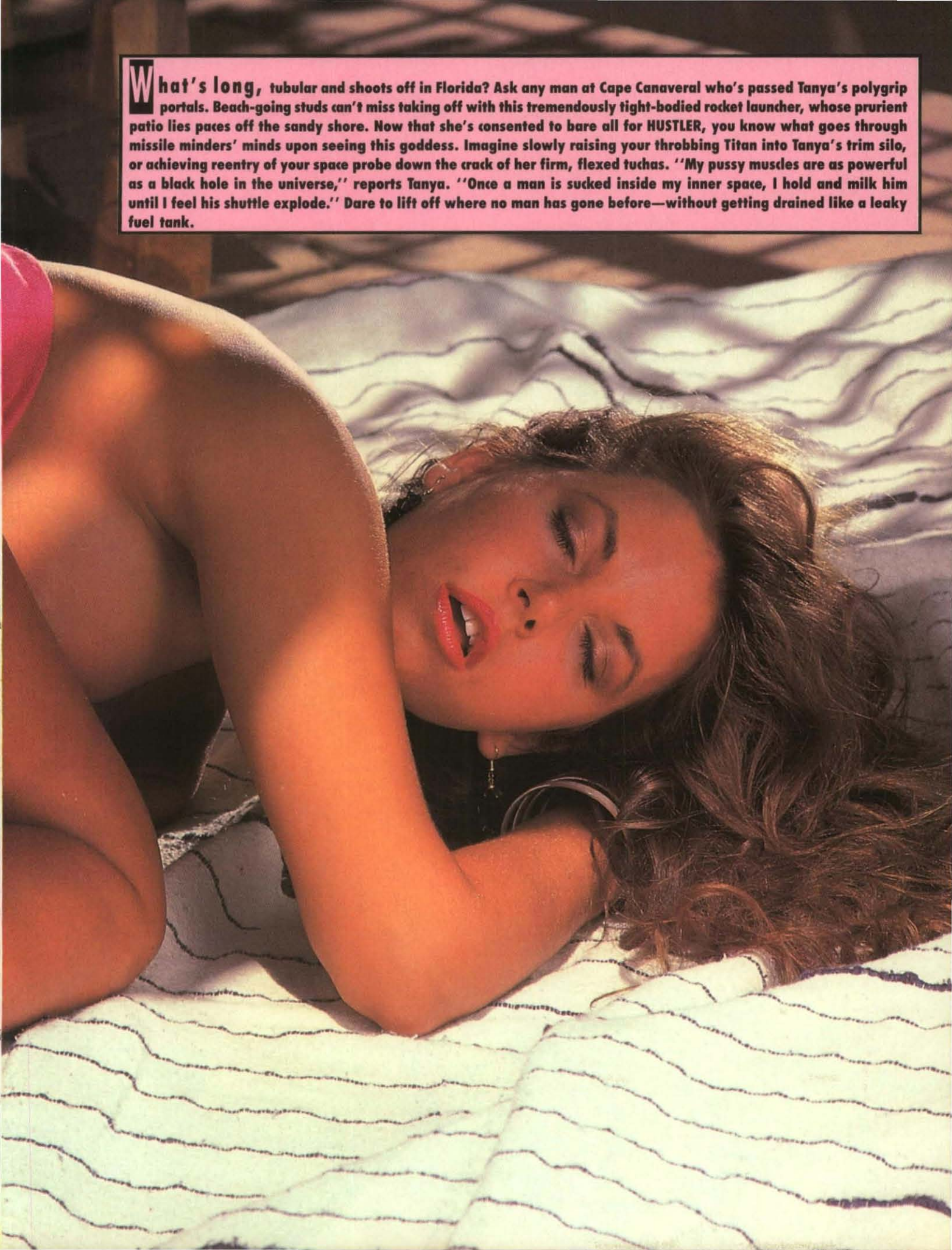

Tanya
The
Tight
Stuff
Photography by Clive McLean









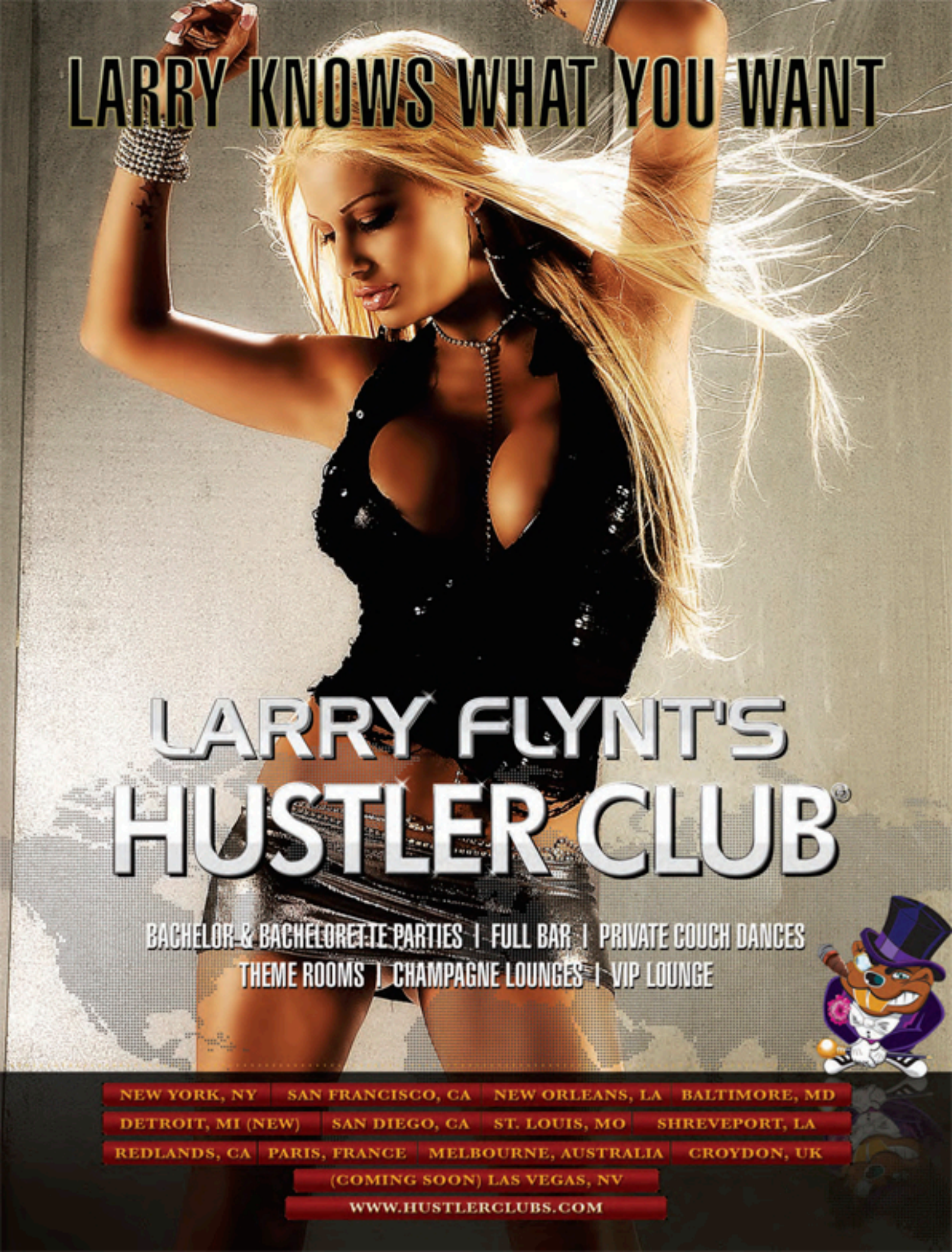


What's long, tubular and shoots off in Florida? Ask any man at Cape Canaveral who's passed Tanya's polygrip portals. Beach-going studs can't miss taking off with this tremendously tight-bodied rocket launcher, whose prurient patio lies paces off the sandy shore. Now that she's consented to bare all for HUSTLER, you know what goes through missile minders' minds upon seeing this goddess. Imagine slowly raising your throbbing Titan into Tanya's trim silo, or achieving reentry of your space probe down the crack of her firm, flexed tuchas. ''My pussy muscles are as powerful as a black hole in the universe,'' reports Tanya. ''Once a man is sucked inside my inner space, I hold and milk him until I feel his shuttle explode.'' Dare to lift off where no man has gone before—without getting drained like a leaky fuel tank.

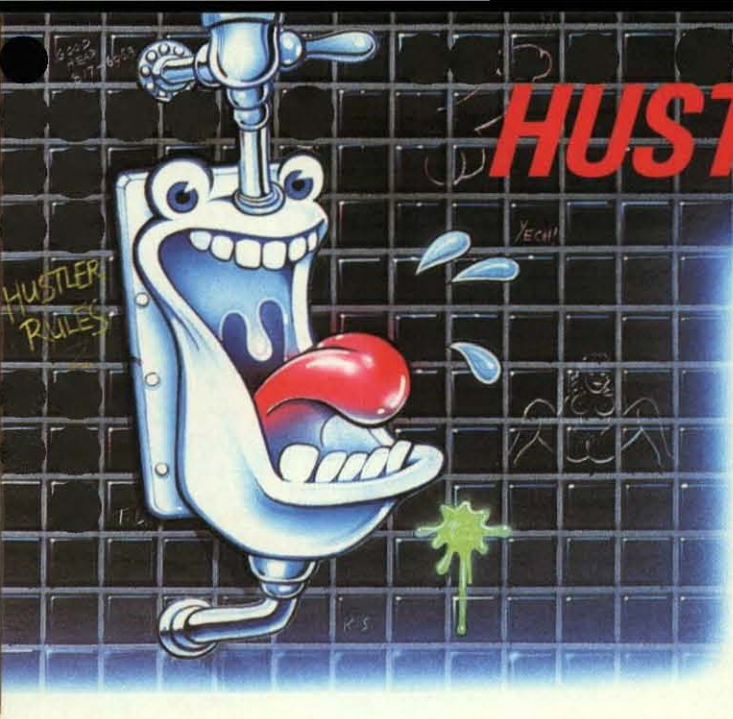

Come blast off
in my private space!
Tanya


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HUSTLER HUMOR



A man was taking his 100-pound pit bull for a walk when he decided to have a drink at the local bar. He tied the dog to a parking meter and headed inside. About ten minutes later, a wimpy-looking guy came scrambling inside, yelling, "Who owns that big dog outside?"

The man stood up. "I do. Why?"

The little guy squeaked, "You'd better go out there and save him quick. My Chihuahua is killing him!"

Slapping his leg and laughing like crazy, the man bellowed, "You're full of shit, asshole! How in the hell could your little Chihuahua kill my pit bull?"

"Simple," the wimp said. "It's stuck in his throat."

Question: What did the Jewish Santa say as he came down the chimney?
Answer: Ho, ho, ho. Anybody want to buy some presents?

While in the midst of a passionate embrace with a prostitute the admiral asked, "Well, how am I doing, mate?"

"Oh, I'd say you're doing about three knots," the hooker answered.

"Arrgh, matey, what do you mean by *three knots*?" he queried with a leer.

"You're not hard, you're not in, and you're not getting a refund!"

In a dingy antique shop in New York City a Southern tourist found a brass statue of an ugly rat. The piece looked so gross, he decided he had to have it for his wife. When he tried to purchase it, the shopkeeper refused to sell because he thought it was cursed. Finally, an offer of $200 changed his mind.

Emerging from the shop, the tourist was attacked by hordes of rats, biting and clawing him, trying to get at the statue. In panic, he ran, chased by hundreds of rats. Finally, he reached the river and threw the brass rat in. Armies of rats dove in the river and drowned.

Returning to the shop, the bleeding and battered tourist asked, "Hey, champ, you got any brass black men?"

A mouse ran up a woman's leg and buried itself in her vagina. Frantic, the woman called her doctor. When he arrived, he found her sitting on the floor, dangling a piece of fish in front of her snatch.

"I told you to bait the mouse with cheese!" the doctor exclaimed.

"I will!" the woman cried. "Soon as I get the cat out!"

Joe was out golfing and ran into his buddy Ralph. Ralph said to Joe, "How you doing, Joe?"

In a very hoarse voice, Joe responded, "I'm fine."

Curious about his buddy's throat ailment, Ralph asked, "What happened to your voice, Joe?"

The older fellow replied, "I was golfing with Mrs. Brown, and she hit her ball out of bounds and into a cow pasture. I looked all over the pasture, but I couldn't find it anywhere. The only thing in the pasture was a cow; so I lifted up the cow's tail, and sure enough, there was Mrs. Brown's ball. So I held up the cow's tail, and I yelled to Mrs. Brown, 'Hey, does yours look like this?' Then she hit me with a nine-iron."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *rap music* as: a coon tune.

An old couple sat through a porn movie twice, not getting up to leave until the theater was closing for the night. "You folks must have really enjoyed the show," the usher commented.

"It was revolting," retorted the old lady.

"Disgusting," added her husband.

"Then why did you sit through it twice?" asked the puzzled usher.

"We had to wait until you turned up the houselights," explained the old woman. "We couldn't find my underpants, and his teeth were in them."

Question: How can it be proved that Adam was Polish?
Answer: Who else would stand by a naked woman and just eat an apple.

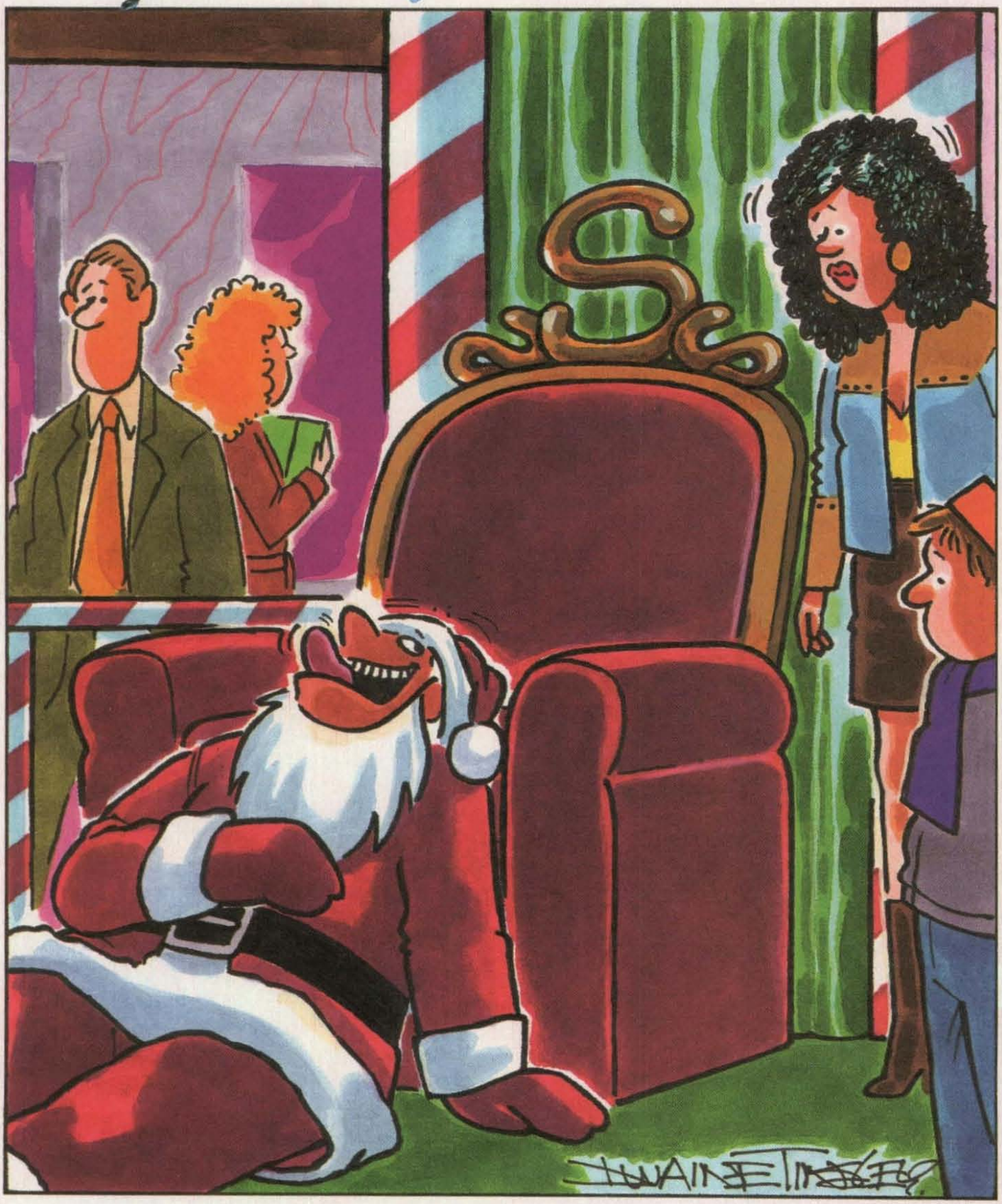
A priest went into a dentist's office, and after the appointment the dentist refused to charge him for the visit. The priest was so happy, he sent over a dozen rosary beads.

The next day, a minister showed up, and sure enough, no charge. The minister was so happy, he sent over a dozen Bibles.

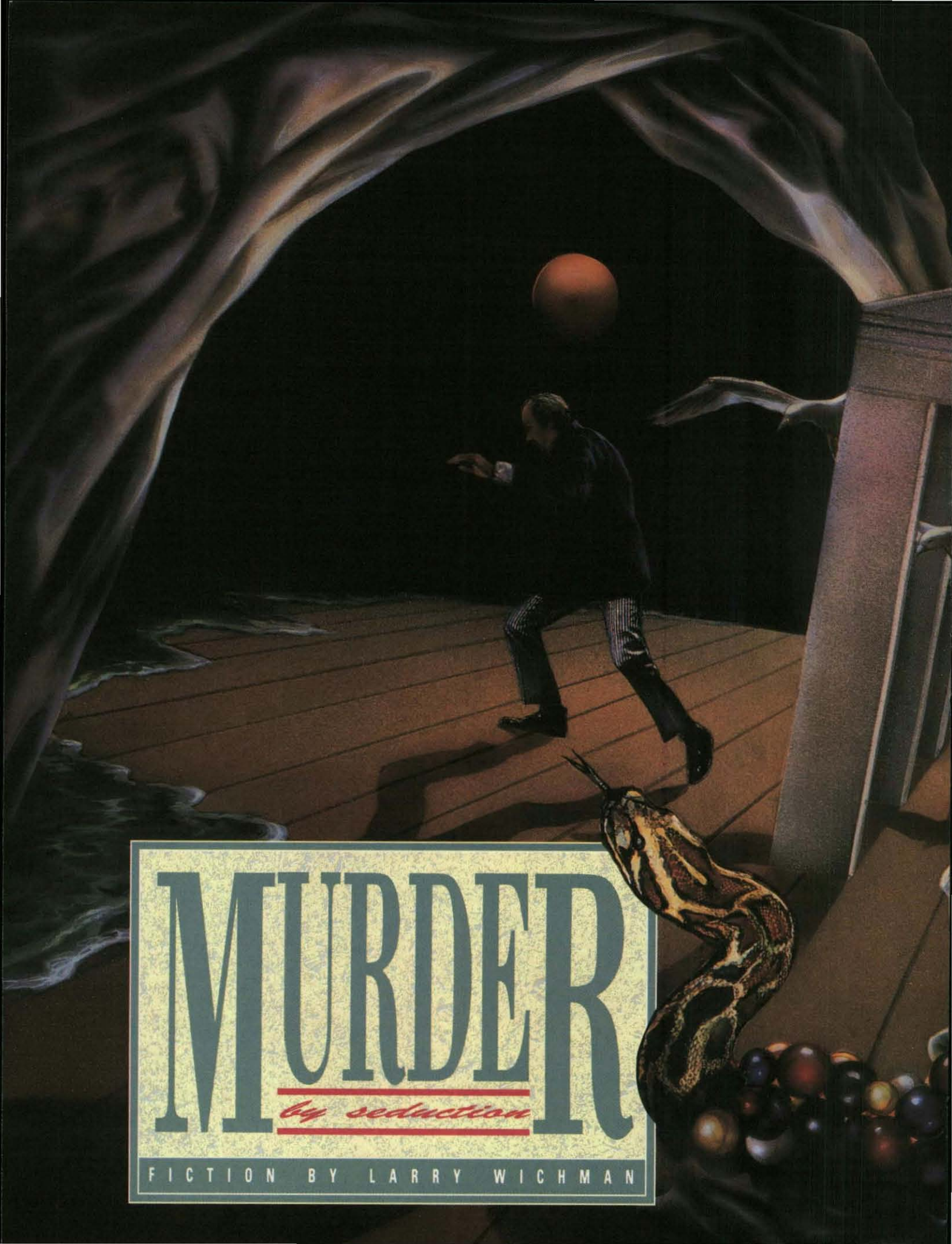
Then the following day a Rabbi showed up, and again the dentist refused to charge him. The Rabbi was so happy, he sent over a dozen other Rabbis!

HUSTLER Humor *jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" × 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to* HUSTLER Humor, *9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.*

Chester the M.O'Lester



"Ditch the kid, babe. Have a seat and tell Santa what you want for Christmas!"


MURDER
by seduction
FICTION BY LARRY WICHMAN



MURDER BY SEDUCTION

The chainsaw sliced easily into Sally's flesh. Each pass sent a thin spray of blood splattering across the wall.

Johnny DiAngelo stood dead-still in the dark, empty hallway, angrily watching his wife make love to a man he'd never seen before. Sheets and pillows lay scattered about the bedroom floor. Sally was stroking the young man's shaft. He was mauling her small, delicate breasts. Sally was moaning. He was coming. The semen was dripping down her fingers like wax down a candle.

The longer Johnny watched, the sicker he felt. He wanted to run, or at least to look away, but he couldn't—not even when the slim, blond gigolo slid his hand between Sally's legs and fingers began disappearing into her cunt.

"You bitch!" he finally hissed. "You fucking bitch!"

Sally shuddered when she heard his voice. "Oh, shit," she groaned. "It's my husband. . . ."

Claude, her startled lover, leaped out of bed and began scrambling for his clothes. He acted as though God Himself had caught them fornicating.

"It's all right," Sally said to him. "You can calm down. He doesn't live here anymore." She sat propped against the headboard, her naked body bathed in sunlight. She hadn't realized it was so late.

"What can I tell you, Johnny?" she shrugged, lighting a cigarette. "Time just kinda got away from us."

"Yeah? Well, fuck you!" he growled. "You told me to be here at noon, and here I am!"

"Look, I didn't plan for this to happen, John."

"Oh, that's right, you would never *plan* to fuck men behind my back. Your affairs all had to be *spontaneous*!"

"Dammit, Johnny, there *were* no affairs!"

Claude had begun to panic again. He was hopping around on one leg, putting his pants on backwards.

"Claude, stop it!" Sally barked. Then, turning to Johnny, she quietly added, "My husband isn't staying."

"Like hell I'm not!"

"Look, Johnny," she yelled, "you don't own me anymore! I can fuck *whom* I please *when* I please!"

"You always did!" he shot back, moving toward the bed. "What do *you* think, Claude? She tells me to get the rest of my shit out by one o'clock. 'Don't bother to knock,' she says! What does she take me for? A fucking fool?!"

Claude paused, then shrugged his shoulders, as if he thought Johnny expected an answer. He looked so stupid, Johnny just stared at him and laughed.

"I guess maybe she has a thing for fools after all," he said sarcastically. Then he whirled and stomped out of the room.

"Don't worry, bitch. I'll be back!" he yelled, slamming the front door as he left. It wasn't a promise; it was a threat.

* * *

The chainsaw sliced easily into Sally's soft flesh. Each pass sent a thin spray of blood and tissue splattering across the wall.

"Yeah, baby!" Johnny hollered as the McCulloch kicked and chipped its way through another rib.

Sally lay on her back, her arms extended out to him, her eyes wide, pleading. "Why are you doing this to me?" she sobbed.

"'Cause you're a cunt!" he heard himself scream above the buzzing drone of the two-cycle engine. Then he clipped off each outstretched arm at the elbow, chuckling while Sally writhed in pain. He'd never had so much fun.

But suddenly, the pleasure began to fade. The drone of the chainsaw was replaced by the incessant buzz of an alarm clock. It was 8:32. It was time for Johnny to wake up.

Johnny stumbled into the kitchen for coffee, a fierce hangover pounding in his temples. His clothes were wrinkled and soaked with sweat. He had no idea how long he'd been asleep. He couldn't even recall passing out. In fact, the only thing he remembered at all about last night was opening the mail and flying into a blind rage. After that he drew a blank.

The mail had been filled with bills Sally and her lovers had run up after he moved out: two $300-plus dinners at Le Dome and Chasen's. . . a $640 weekend for two in Vegas. . . a $528 suit from the Bullock's men's shop. . . . He'd have to pay every one of them, and Sally knew it. She was twisting the knife.

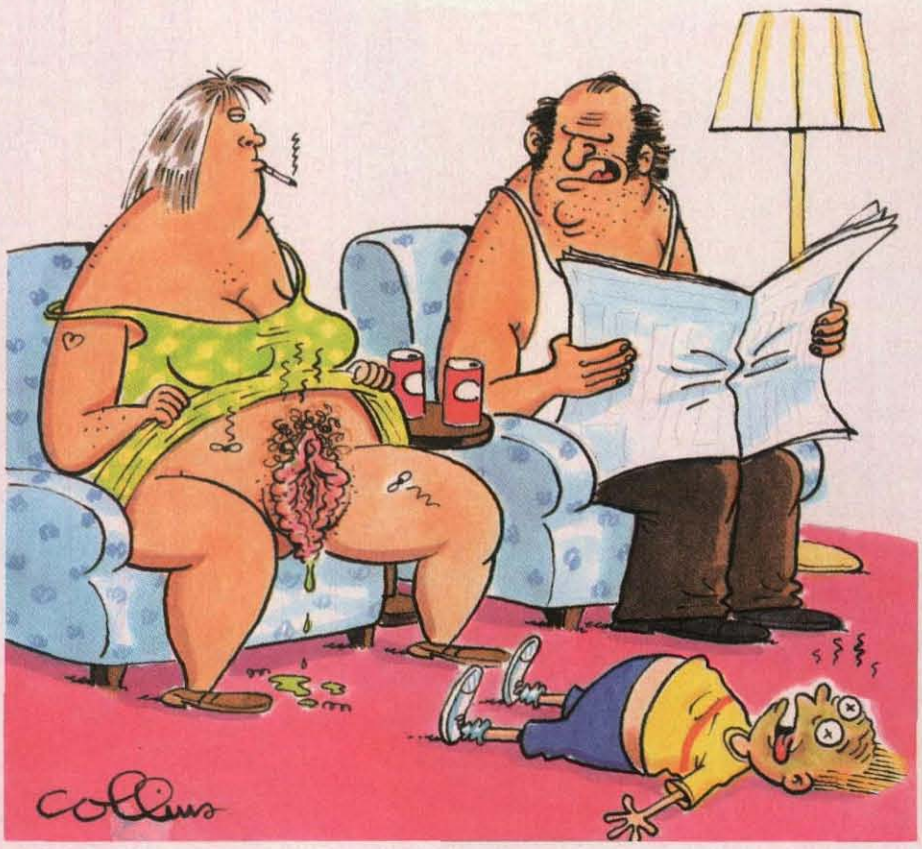
Johnny didn't even taste the coffee. He just tossed it down. He was still too angry to think straight and too hung over to realize he'd brewed yesterday's grounds.

At nine o'clock he left for work. He stepped into the hall, locked the door and headed for the stairs. He'd walked all the way down to the garage level before he remembered that he didn't own a car anymore. Sally had taken that too.

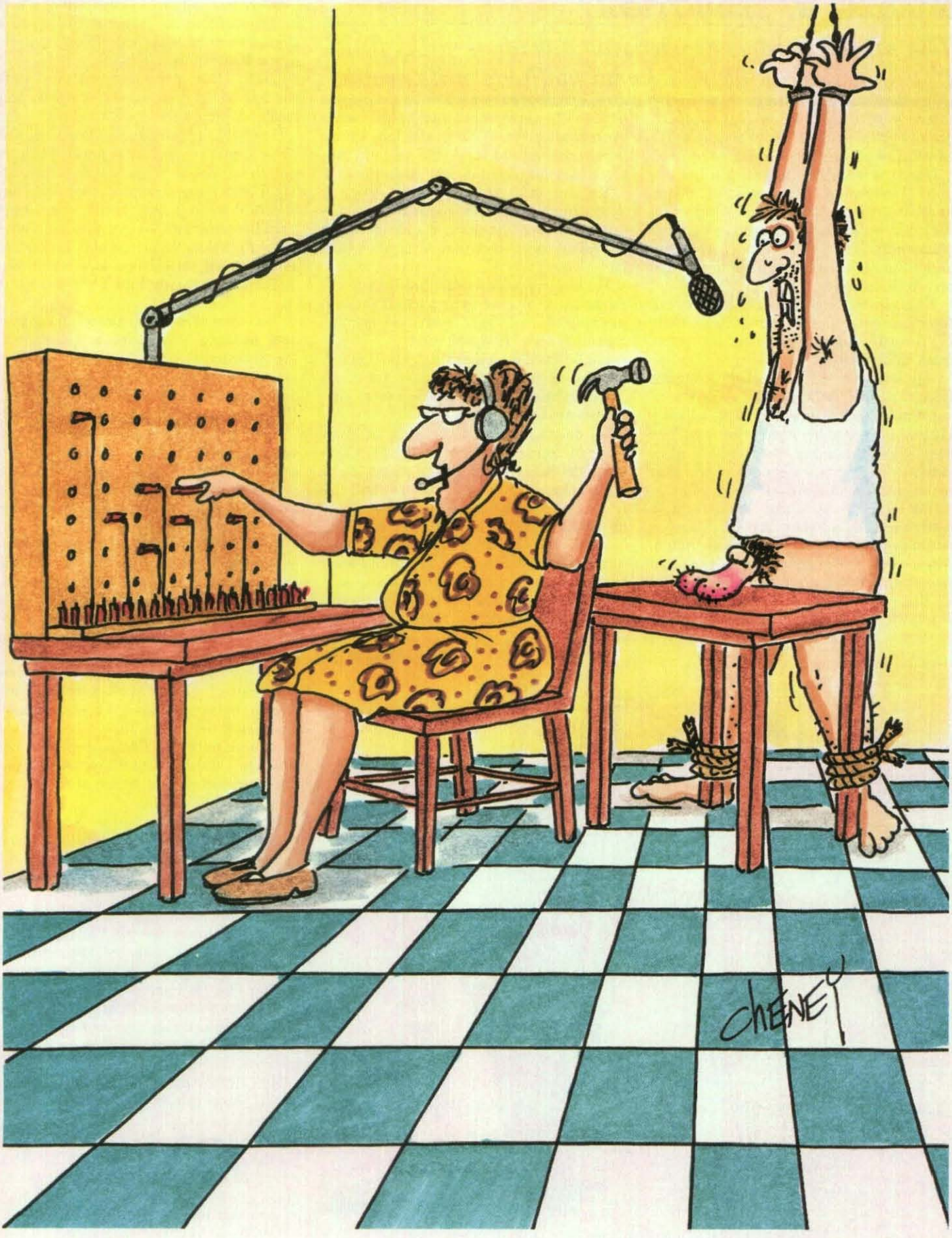
"That does it!" he yelled, throwing his keys against the wall. "That just fucking does it!"

* * *

The clinic was only a ten-minute walk, but before Johnny was even halfway



"Couldn't you just tell him where he came from?"



"At the tone, the time will be. . . ."

MURDER BY SEDUCTION

The nipple hardened, releasing a drop of milky fluid. It tasted like he always knew mother's milk would.

there, he'd thought up at least a dozen ways to get even—two could play at Sally's game. His revenge would be sweet.

"*Fuck* the bitch!" he bellowed, stumbling onto Hollywood Boulevard. A dozen heads turned to watch him. People on their way to work stood at bus stops and on corners. They glanced once and then looked away. Ravers were a common sight on the boulevard.

This was the seamy side of Hollywood. No stars embedded in the sidewalk here. No tourists and no tour buses. Just street trash and lunatics.

"Go screw yerself!" a bag lady screamed from a nearby doorway.

Johnny ignored her and kept walking. He saw plenty of her kind every day. The bag ladies, the bums, the winos. . . they came to the clinic to get rid of the clap or to sell their blood for $20 a pint.

They were disgusting. You'd have to wash the filth off their arms before you could even hit them with a needle. Then, when they were gone, there was that stench that hung around you like a cloud all day.

Johnny was just glad he didn't have to deal with them anymore. He'd been promoted, given a job in the lab, where he checked blood for AIDS and did culture tests for syphilis and gonorrhea.

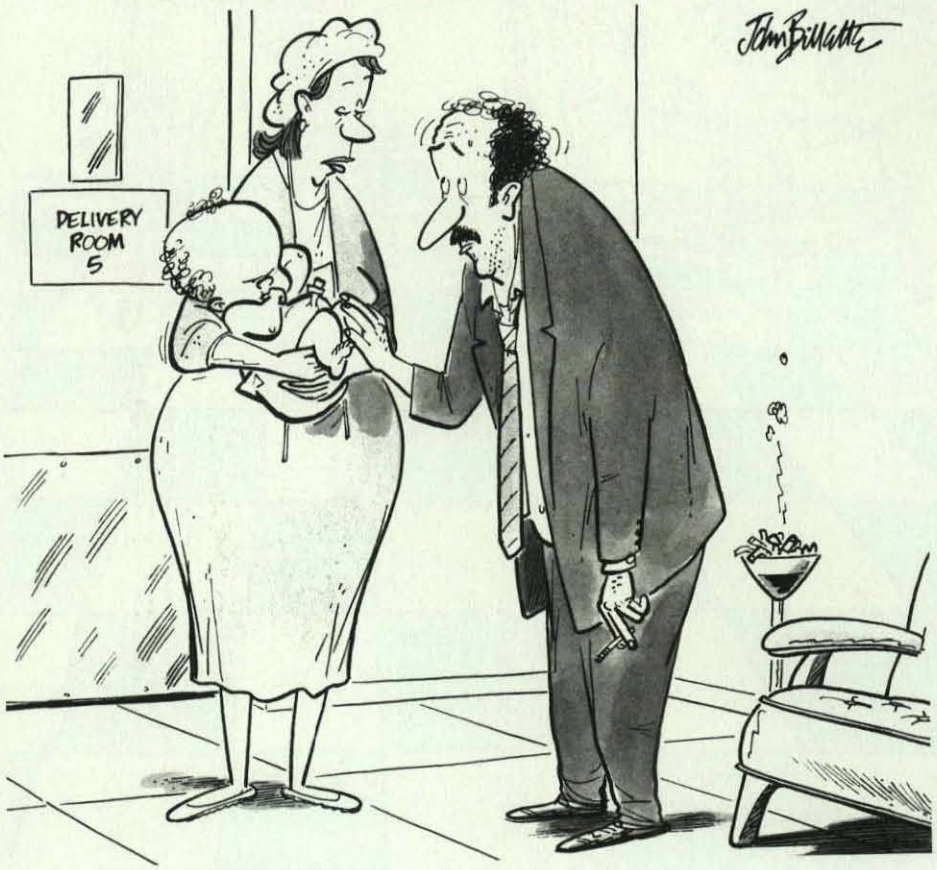
Yet, he was always amazed when a derelict came in with some sexually transmitted disease. He never could figure out who they were screwing. After all, who'd ball a bum?

He had visions of sleazy midnight rendezvous, of bag ladies and winos fucking in secluded doorways. Toothless blowjobs. Sterno on ice. It wasn't pretty.

Even Betsy, the clinic's registered nurse, hated the bums. She called them all Typhoid Mary, and she refused to go anywhere near them.

Of course, none of the guys on duty minded taking her cases. They'd do *anything* for Betsy. She looked more like a model than an R.N. She was 26, and she had dark-red hair and coral-blue eyes. She also had a pair of enormous tits.

When Johnny arrived at the clinic, he entered by the side door. He didn't want to see anybody, didn't want to talk to anybody—except maybe Betsy. He just wanted to sit in front of test tubes and brood.



"Congratulations, it's a 27-pound boy! Unfortunately, your wife's pussy was totaled."

Betsy was already waiting for him when he reached the lab. She was sitting on a stool, her white, starched uniform unbuttoned halfway to her navel.

"Have a little party last night, did we?" she teased. "I hope it was worth it. You look terrible!"

"I only wish I felt half that good," he answered, managing a weak smile. He was glad to see Betsy, but he wasn't surprised. She'd been hanging all over him since before he'd walked out on his wife. She'd been bleeding him for every sordid detail of their breakup. In fact, it almost seemed as though she were jealous of what he and Sally had, no matter how little there was left.

"So, what was it this time?" she prodded, handing him coffee and a danish. "Another fight with the Mrs.?"

Johnny set the cup down among the papers on his desk and closed his eyes. "It's been a nightmare," was all he said.

Betsy placed her hand on his thigh and squeezed gently. Then she bent forward and kissed him just below the ear.

"My poor baby," she whispered as he gazed down into her cleavage. "She never deserved a man like you."

Tears welled up in Johnny's eyes. Betsy clutched his head tightly to her bosom and began to rock him in her arms.

"It'll be okay," she whispered. "Betsy'll make it all better. You'll see." Then she opened the front of her blouse and gave him her nipple.

The rich scent of fresh, ripe bosom was intoxicating. Johnny felt a stirring in his loins as he pressed his lips to her creamy flesh and began to suck. The nipple hardened, releasing a drop of milky fluid, which he captured with his tongue. It tasted sweet and warm, like he always knew mother's milk would.

He reached up and took Betsy's free breast in his hand. He fondled it and pinched the nipple gently between his fingers. Betsy moaned and pressed her bosom against his palm.

"I bet you're the best," she sighed, rubbing her hand across his crotch.

Johnny heard his zipper open and felt Betsy's cool fingers gently grip his prick. He kept his face buried in her tits as she stroked his shaft and prepared to take him into her mouth. He was in heaven.

Suddenly there was a loud knock at the door.

"Oh, fuck," Johnny groaned.

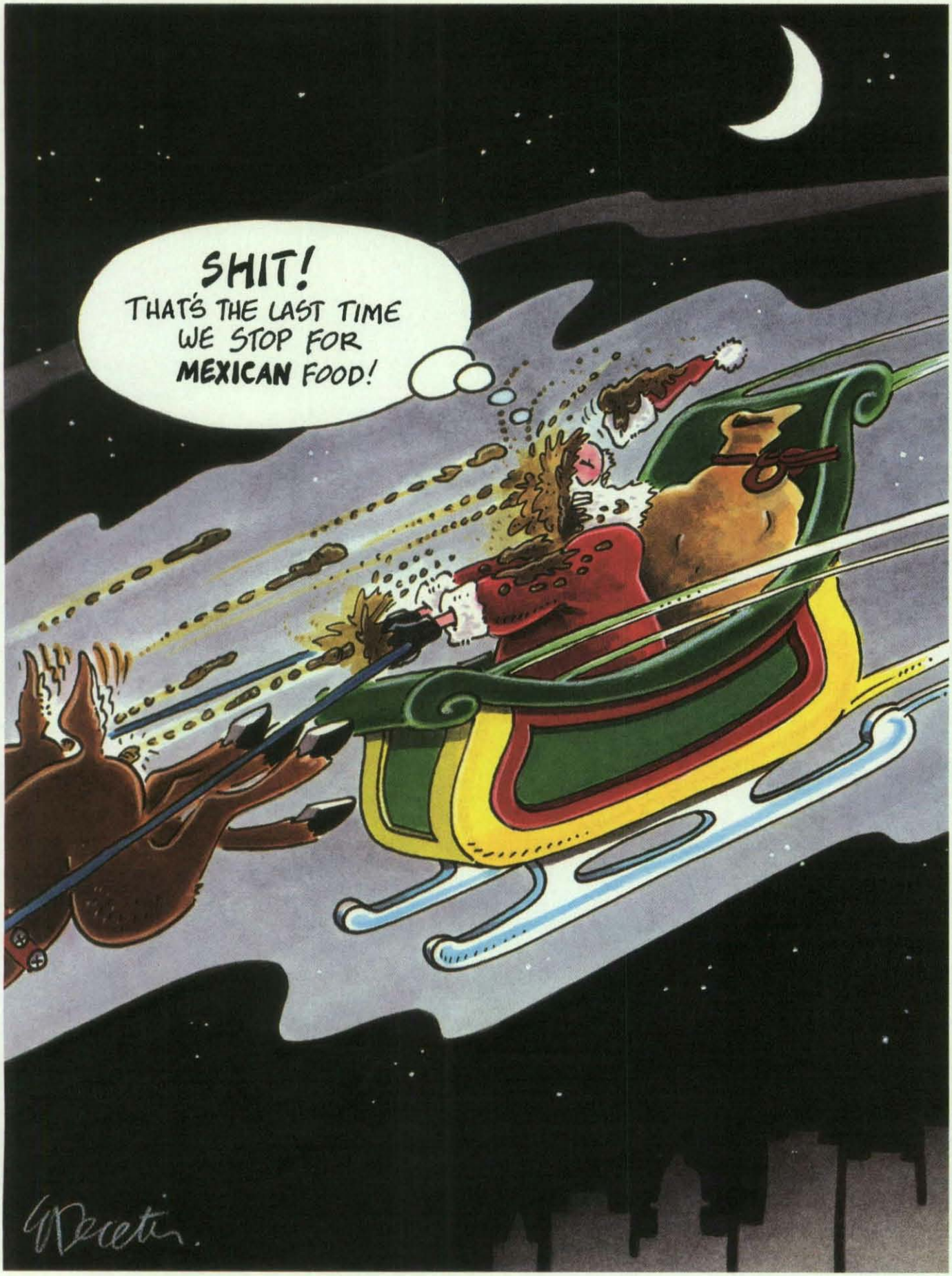
"Mr. DiAngelo?"

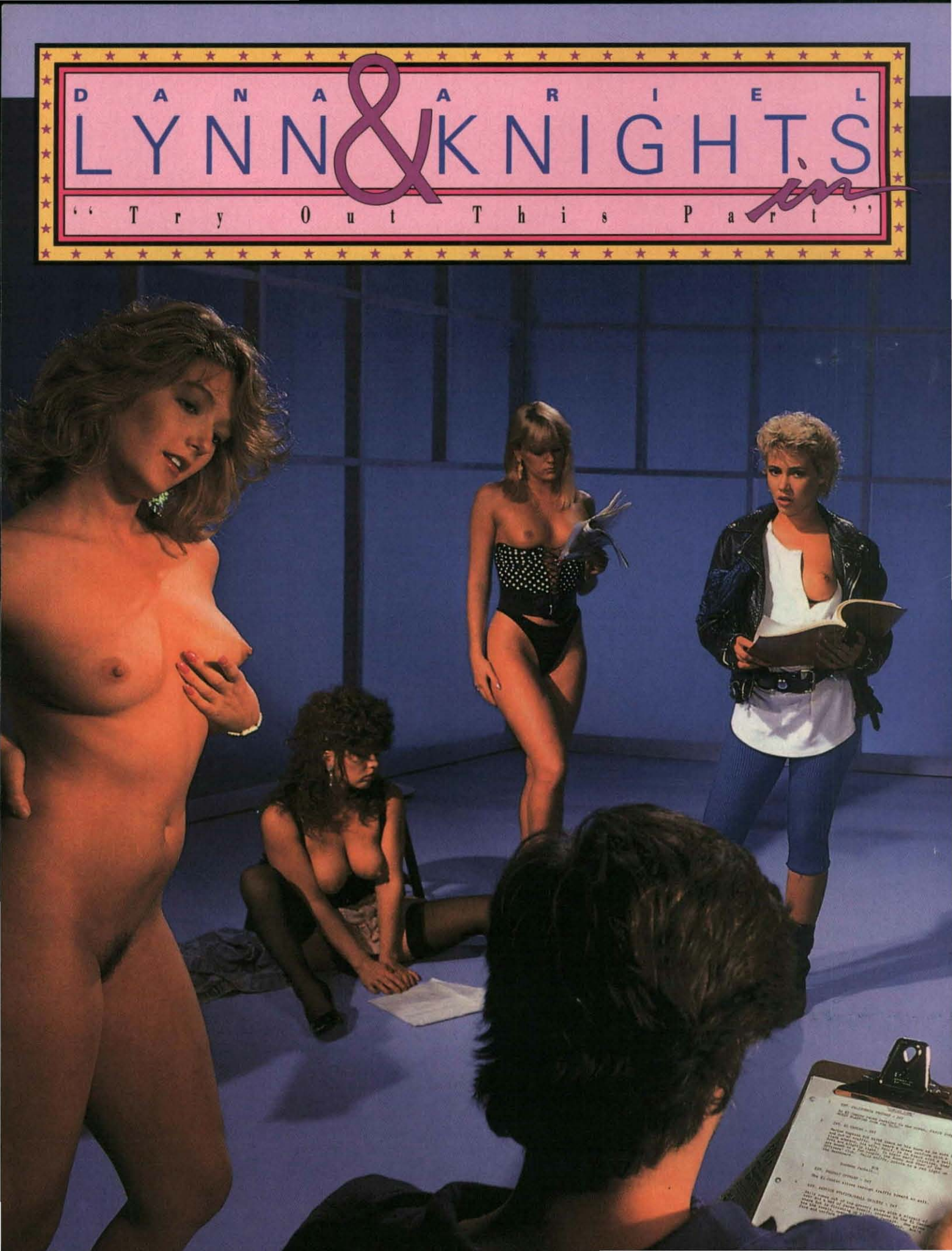
"Just a minute!" he barked, cramming his dick back into his pants. He waited for Betsy to finish fumbling with the front of her blouse. Then he yanked open the door.

"Are you Johnny DiAngelo?"

"Who are you?"

(continued on page 80)


SHIT!
THAT'S THE LAST TIME WE STOP FOR MEXICAN FOOD!


DANA ARIEL
LYNN & KNIGHTS
in
"Try Out This Part"

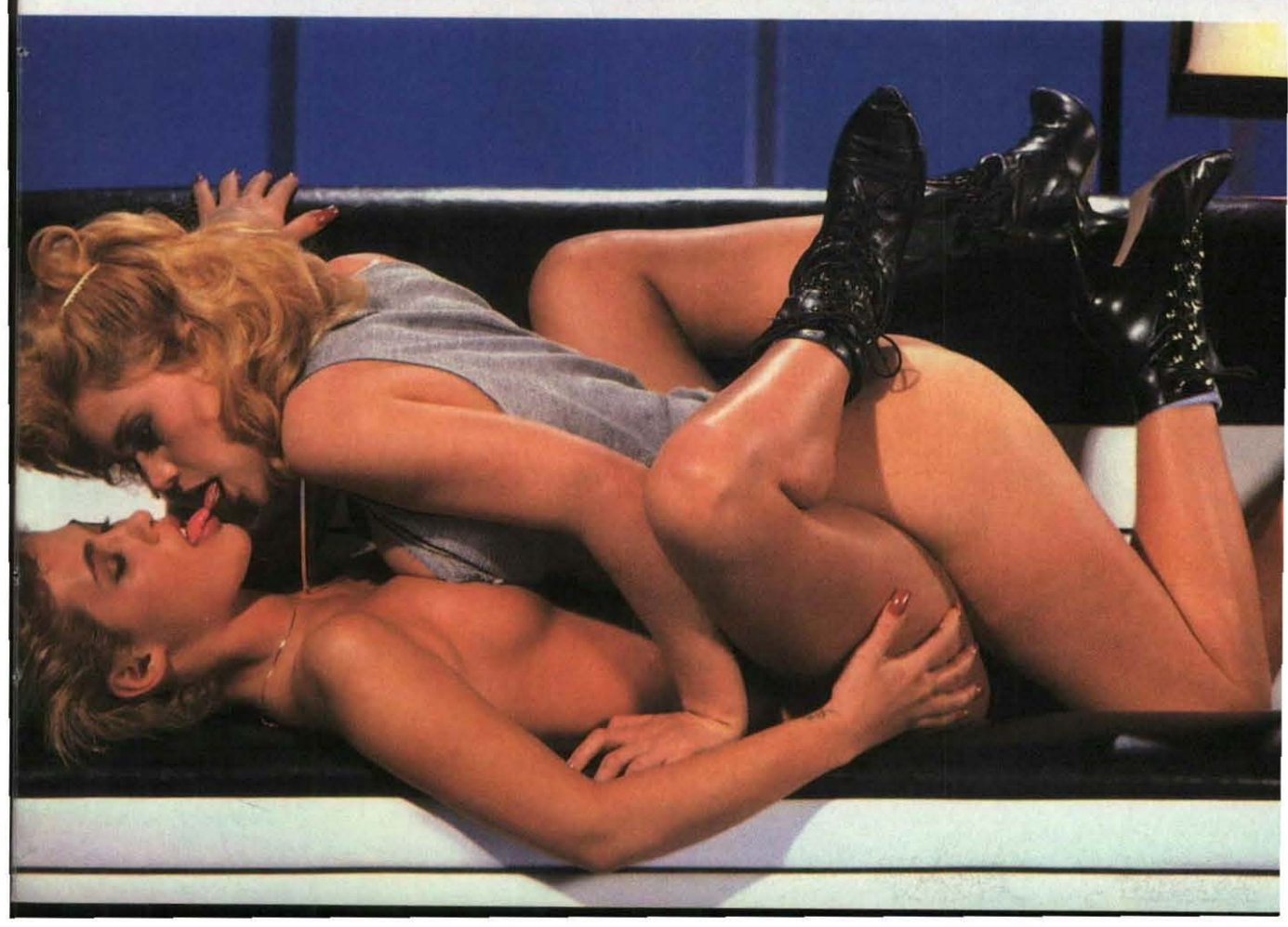
Photography by Matti Klatt



COMPETITION was tight at the audition for the role of Dana Lynn's pussy partner, but Ariel Knights was confident. Cooled by the cold readings of the other slut muffins, Dana suddenly sizzled with motivation when Ariel flashed her generous floppers, promising an alluring slant to the scene. The director, smelling a good thing, diverted the screen test to a high-tech set where the lickin' lezzies could pussy-plunge in postmodern style. Method technique gave way to improvisational muff-diving, as Dana's tongue moved faster than a yodeler's on speed. By the time screams of oral orgasm filled the stark stage, the director had decided the torrid tryout would be the movie, proving that in any scene with Dana and Ariel, the script is unimportant. They know that the only parts that count are the ones that they lick clean.

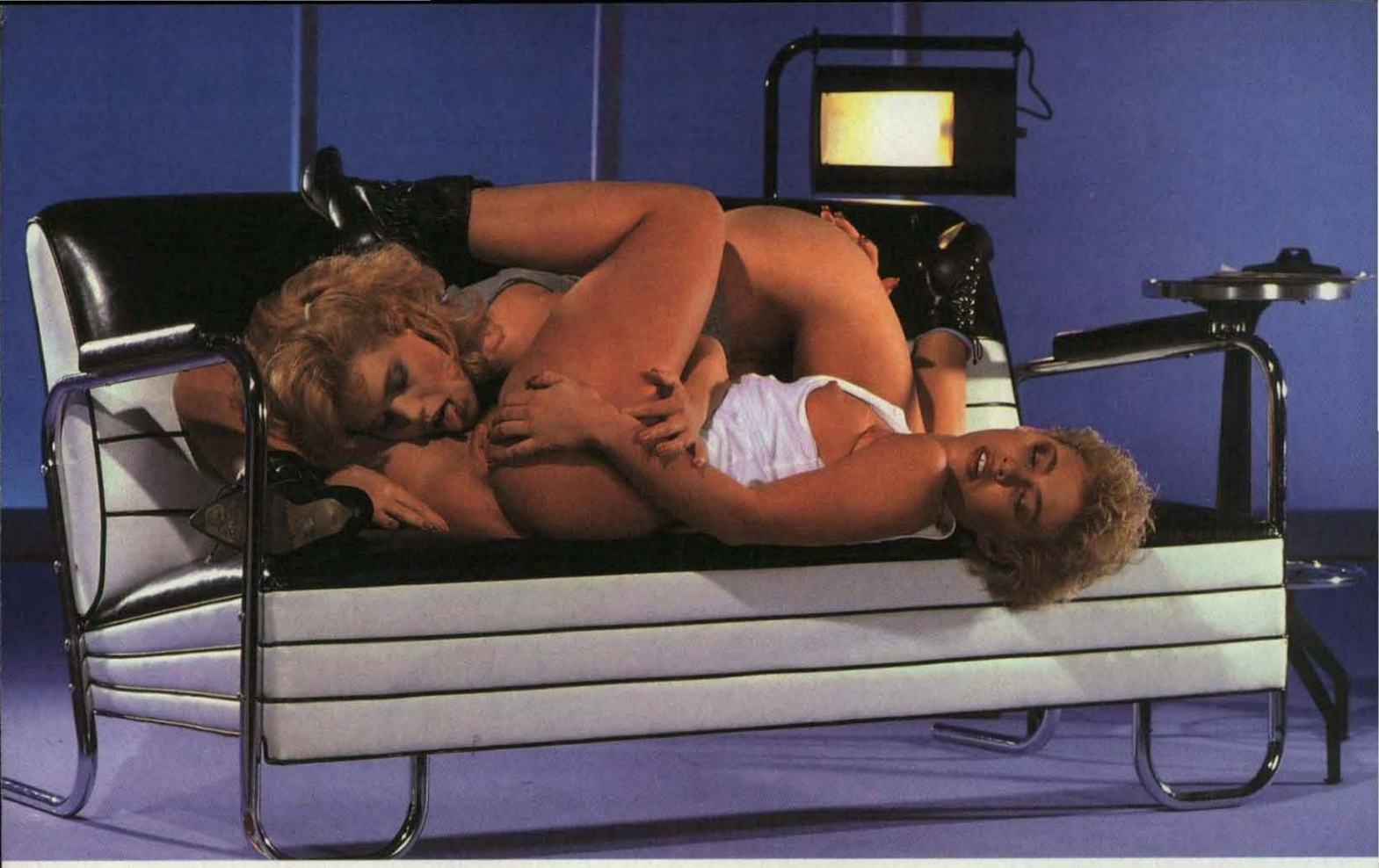




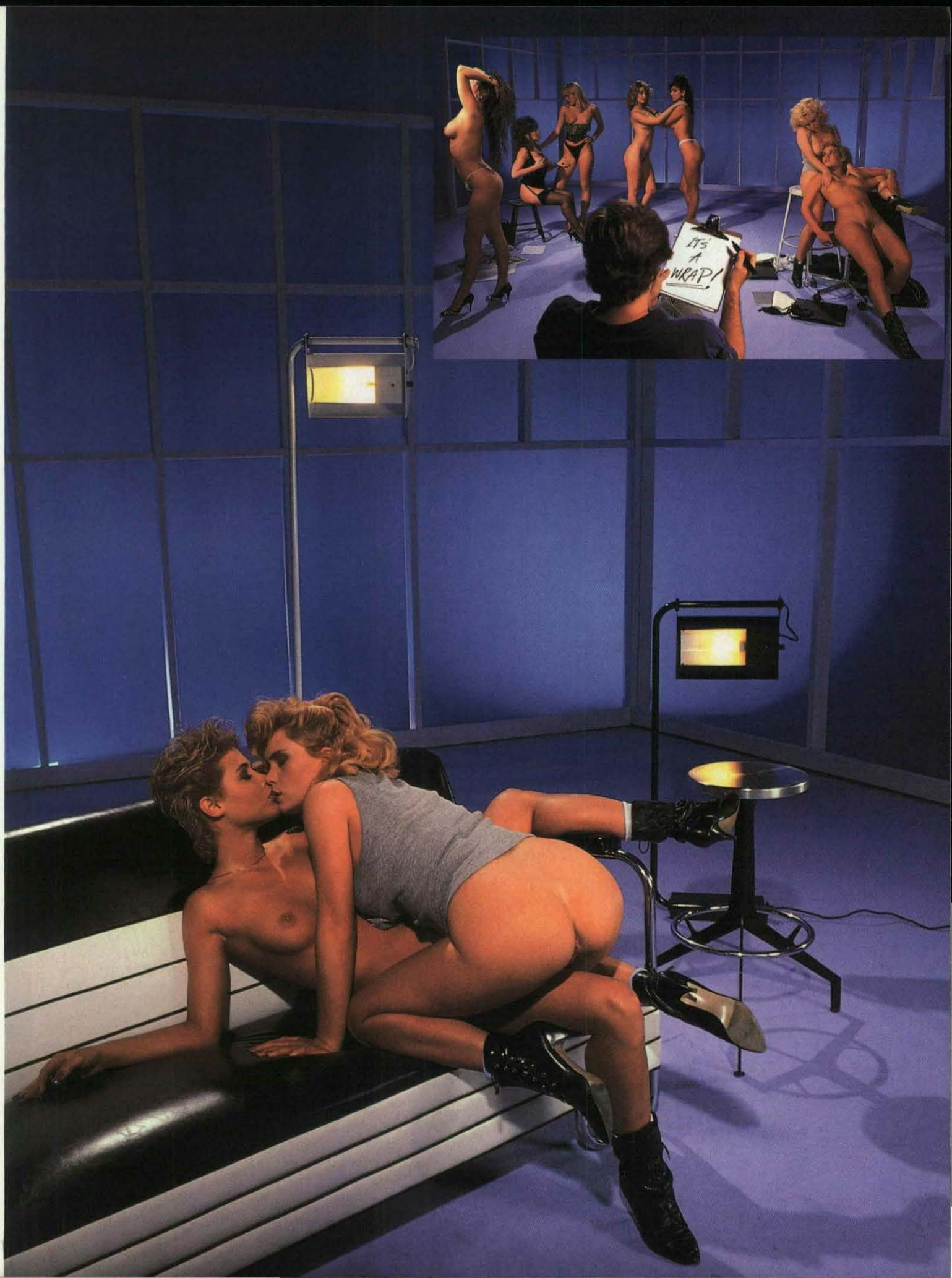











IT'S
A
WRAP!

MURDER BY SEDUCTION *(continued from page 70)*

It was Sally. She had an IV needle in her arm, and her body had been completely drained of blood.

"Detective Radcliff, LAPD. I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"Goddammit! It's my wife, isn't it? Did she file a complaint? Shit, I didn't lay a hand on her!"

"So, you did see Mrs. DiAngelo yesterday. . . ."

"Yeah, I saw her."

"When?"

"About noon, I guess. . . . But look, Detective, it was just an argument. I found the two of them in bed together. What was I supposed to do?"

The cop had been giving Betsy the once-over, wondering why she'd let a jerk like Johnny get into her pants. He knew he'd walked in on something. It didn't take a detective to see that.

"Mr. DiAngelo," he finally said, "your wife didn't file a complaint. She's been murdered."

Johnny stared at the cop in disbelief. Then he turned and puked all over his danish.

"I don't think you should say anything else without a lawyer," Betsy warned.

"Don't be ridiculous," he said between gasps. "I didn't do it."

"I'm sorry, Mr. DiAngelo, but unless you've got an alibi for last night, I'd suggest you take this young lady's advice."

Johnny tried hard not to show the fear which had suddenly left him paralyzed. He *had* no alibi. In fact, when it came right down to it, he couldn't swear that he *hadn't* killed Sally. Not even to himself.

"It's okay, Detective. He spent the night with me," Betsy said. "We had dinner at my place, and I wouldn't let him leave."

"Is that true?" Radcliff asked. "You were with her all night?"

Johnny nodded his head yes.

The cop didn't buy the story for a minute, but he'd deal with Betsy later, when he could get her alone.

"Just one more thing then," he said, handing Johnny an 8 × 10 snapshot. "I'm sorry I have to ask you to do this, but we need a positive ID on the victim. . . ."

Johnny stared at the photo and felt a chill run up his spine. It was Sally. She was lying faceup in bed. Her skin was as pale as porcelain, and she had an IV needle in her arm. Her body had been completely drained of blood.

"Oh, no, not Sally. . ." Johnny groaned, fighting off another attack of nausea.

"Mr. DiAngelo, do you happen to know if your wife had AIDS?"

"Sally? AIDS? What are you talking about?!"

"My God, the AIDS killer. . ." Betsy whispered, peering over Johnny's shoulder at the photograph. No one knew who the maniac was, but for the past six months someone had been waging his own sick, private war against the deadly disease. Every one of his victims had been infected with the virus.

"It's a possibility," Radcliff said, watching Johnny closely. "We've got the lab boys working on it now."

"What about that kid I found her with?"

"Claude? He's the one who discovered the body. He's a basket case."

Johnny nodded.

The cop was getting ready to leave. "About the only advice I can give you is, get a blood test and keep your doors locked," he said. Then, pausing at the door, he added, "But don't worry. We'll be around. We'll keep an eye on you."

Johnny broke down as soon as the detective left. "Betsy, what am I going to do?" he sobbed. "What if I killed her? What if I have AIDS? What if I. . . ."

"Hush now," she said in a calm, cool voice. "I checked your blood last week, remember?" She ran monthly tests on all the staff. "You're clean, and you didn't kill anyone."

Johnny collapsed into her arms. He desperately wanted to believe her. Still, he couldn't get the image of Sally's corpse out of his mind.

• • •

Johnny buried his dick in Betsy's limp, wet labia, and thrust it deep into her cunt. Her ivory breasts reached up to him invitingly, their nipples erect.

He'd never realized how huge Betsy's tits really were—or how much fun they could be to play with. He'd never heard her talk so dirty either. But then, he'd never slept with her before.

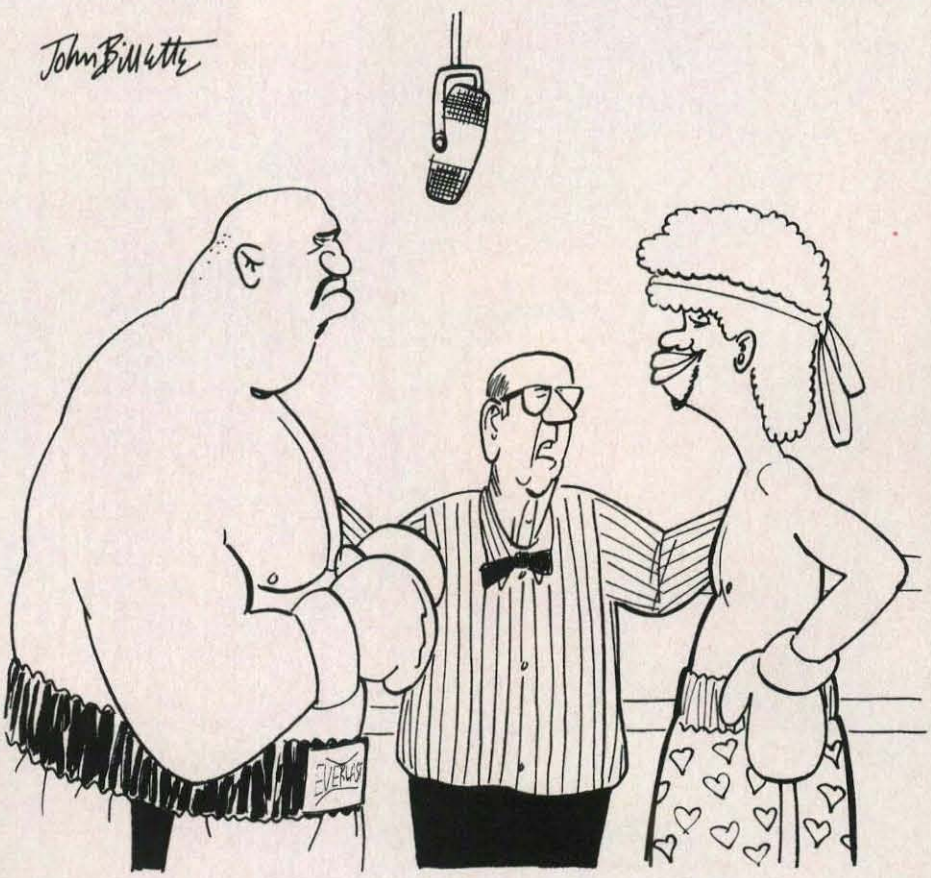
Betsy had turned out to be as slutty as they come. Johnny was convinced she'd given him an alibi so that she could get him into bed.

"I just assumed you're not a murderer," she'd laughed when he'd asked why she lied about his alibi. "Besides, I'd hate to see a cute ass like yours wasted on a bunch of death-row prisoners!"

They had been on their way to his apartment. Midway through the afternoon, Sally had grabbed him by the arm and dragged him to her car.

"We're taking the rest of the day off,", she'd said. "We're gonna have some *fun!*"

Between Sally's death and his memory lapse, sex had been the last thing on Johnny's mind. But Betsy seemed determined. As soon as they'd reached his digs, she'd



"No thumbing, no rabbit punching and, Maurice, no tongue kissing in the clinches!"



"Lecture time!"

MURDER BY SEDUCTION

She'd trussed him up so tight, he couldn't move, then wadded up her panties and stuffed them in his mouth.

removed her blouse and literally held those luscious tits out to him.

Now she lay on the bed beneath him, her pussy gripping his cock, playfully begging him to get kinky.

"Screw me hard. Make it hurt," she pleaded. "*Punish* me!"

Johnny did his best to please her, but he'd never been much good at S&M. Still, he managed to grab Betsy's wrists and roughly yank them up over her head. It made a good first impression, and a smile spread across Betsy's lips. But from there on, it was all downhill.

No matter how hard he drove his dick into Betsy's insatiable cunt, it was never hard enough for her. He could hear their flesh slap together with each powerful thrust. His abdomen ached from banging against her pubic bone. His body was drenched with sweat. Yet Betsy just kept after him for more.

"Stop fucking me and start *hurting* me!" she demanded at one point. "You *have* to make me come."

Yet, the more displeased Betsy grew with Johnny's performance, and the louder she complained, the more difficult it was for him to play his part. So, in time, he simply decided to concentrate on his own pleasure, and instead of attacking her body, he began gently easing his swollen member in and out of her cunt.

Betsy became livid.

"Don't screw with me, you bastard!" she bellowed. "I said *hurt* me!" Then she savagely sank her nails into his buttocks.

Something inside Johnny snapped.

"Okay, bitch," he growled. "Enough is enough! Let's see how you like taking it up the ass!"

Betsy's eyes grew wide. She could feel the tip of Johnny's dick slide between her cheeks, and she let out a short, soft scream as the pleasure filled her rectum.

"Be rough with me," she whispered. "Violate me!"

* * *

Betsy stood at the foot of the bed, surveying her work. Her asshole still throbbed, and her clitoris still tingled from the climax, but she knew that the best was yet to come.

She finally had Johnny where she wanted him. His hands had been cuffed and tied to the headboard. His ankles had been secured to the foot of the bed. He was helpless. He was hers.

"I'm not so sure about this," he groaned. Although she had promised him the best orgasm ever, he was having second thoughts. She'd trussed him up so tight, he couldn't move.

"Don't fight it, honey. *Enjoy* it," Betsy told him. Then, as a precaution, she wadded up her panties and stuffed them in his mouth.

"We don't want you waking up the neighbors now, do we?" she laughed, playfully pinching his ass.

Johnny followed Betsy's movements with his eyes as she walked around the apartment, rummaging through closets and drawers. There was something about her that was beginning to make him nervous. He needed to talk to her, to be reassured. He tried to spit out the panties while she was in the bathroom, but he almost choked.

"My, don't *we* look kinky," she said when she returned. She'd put on her best nurse's face, and she stood smiling down at her captive, a bucket in one hand, her purse in the other.

Johnny was petrified. The last thing he wanted was an enema, and he tried desperately to tell her. But Betsy ignored his tantrum and went busily about her work.

"I'm afraid we're going to have to improvise," she said, still smiling, hanging three long strips of masking tape from the headboard. "You really should do something about your first-aid kit—it's pitiful!"

Suddenly, Johnny noticed a change in Betsy that sent chills shooting up his spine. The lusty sparkle was gone from her eyes. Instead, they seemed to burn with a mad, almost insane passion.

As he watched, Betsy took a syringe from her purse and filled it from a small vial of clear liquid.

"Don't worry," she said when she heard Johnny catch his breath. "*This* you're going to like!" Then she swabbed the inside of his elbow with alcohol and injected him with Valium.

The tranquilizer cooled him right out. His world became a Daliesque dream filled with mountainous tits that hung down in his face, swaying like hypnotic pendulums. He would only fall deeper and deeper asleep.

Betsy got out the IV needle she'd brought with her from the clinic. She inserted it in Johnny's arm and secured it with the strips of masking tape. Then she connected one end of a thin, plastic tube to the needle, and tossed the other end into the bucket, which immediately began to fill with blood.

"By the way," she whispered, gently brushing the hair out of Johnny's eyes, "I lied to you about your blood test."



"Geez, you fuck one dead body, and instantly they brand you as some kind of weirdo!"

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BEAVER HUNT



Red-hot Renée is a 20-year-old housewife from Tell City, Indiana, who lists her hobbies as horseback riding, swimming and rock music. She gets a lift from her fantasy: "to make wild, hot love in an elevator with my husband after giving him head."



Photo by Husband

Photo by Husband



"My favorite fantasy is to do a HUSTLER photo-layout with another bisexual woman," claims Angel, 25, a housewife/mother from Baldwin Park, California. This heavenly body is also into singing, dancing, aerobics, bicycling and collecting pictures.

BEAVER HUNT



Photo by Boyfriend

When not pouting her lips for beaver shots, Marcia R., 33, makes her living as a medical transcriptionist and spends her free time swimming, bike riding and playing tennis. A Kirkland, Washington, native, she yearns to "kiss, suck boobs and lick the pussy of a beautiful woman with big boobs."

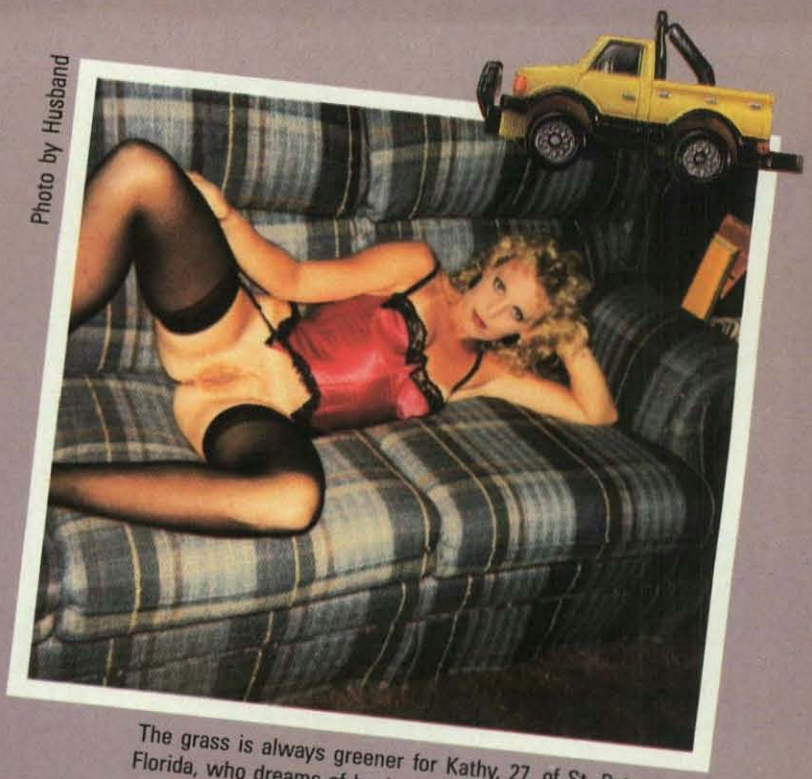


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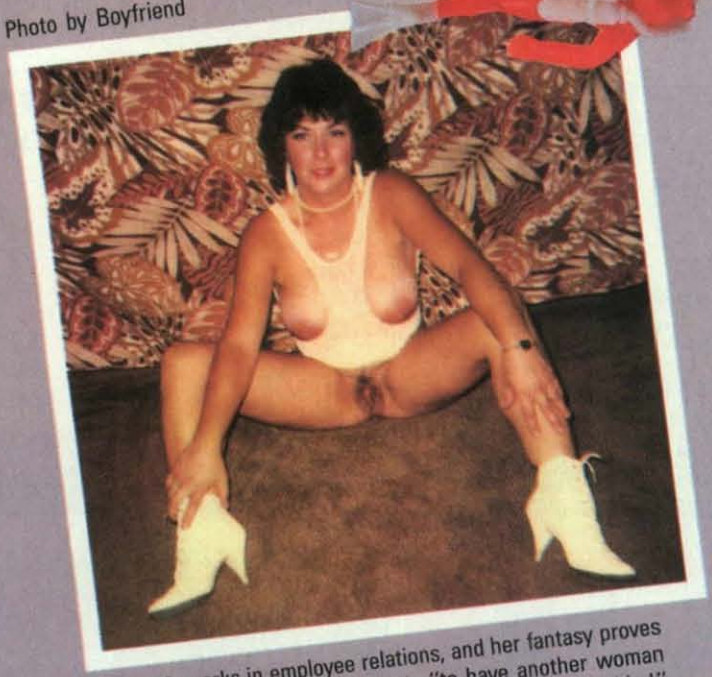
The grass is always greener for Kathy, 27, of St. Petersburg, Florida, who dreams of having sex on the soft grass of a golf green. When not on the links, this housewife enjoys sewing, biking, baking and sex!

Photo by Husband



Thirty-six-year-old Sandy is a computer operator from Alexandria, Louisiana, who enjoys photography, weight lifting, skinny-dipping and horseback riding. While sitting at the keyboard, this bayou beauty fantasizes about making love to her husband in a field of wildflowers.

Photo by Boyfriend



Mare, 29, works in employee relations, and her fantasy proves she's good with people. She wants "to have another woman lick my hot beaver while my boyfriend pokes her from behind." The Boothwyn, Pennsylvania, beach-camping enthusiast also enjoys hot sex with her boyfriend.

Photo by Friend



Shaved and chic Shantayne, 24, is an Albuquerque, New Mexico, nail artist. Besides enjoying good food, this sassy Southwesterner wants to open the hottest nightclub in Albuquerque, where she hopes to meet the older, successful man of her dreams.

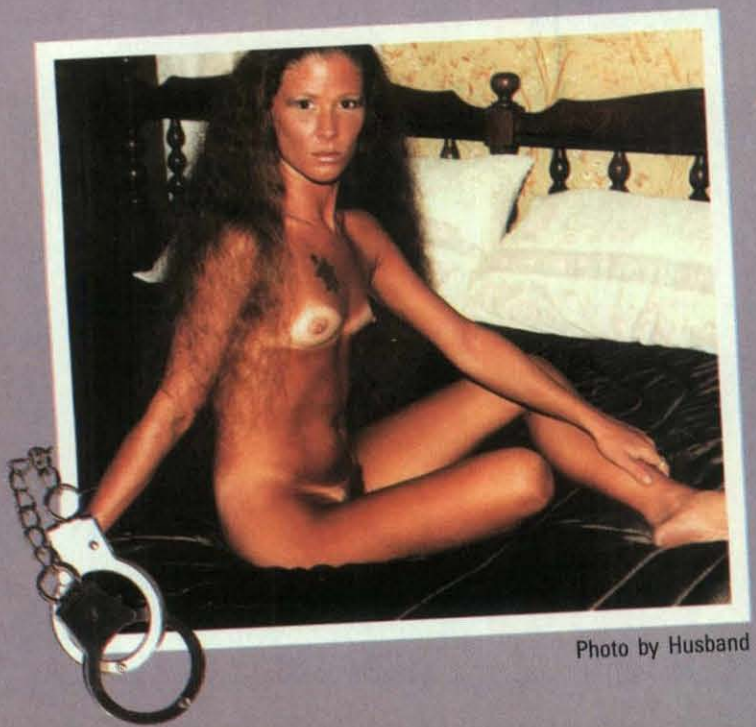


Photo by Husband

Jacksonville, Florida's Debbie, 25, wants to hit the big time in adult mags and gets a good head start in *Beaver Hunt*. Dancing, weight lifting and sunbathing are how this cable-TV telemarketing rep keeps her good form.

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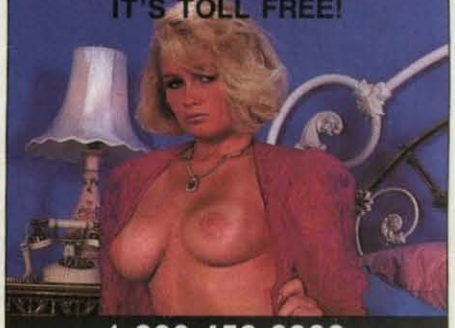
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PENILE IMPLANTS *(continued from page 38)*

When the wearer wishes to engage in sex, he simply bends the pliant implant into the upright position.

Since the patient must poke a needle into his prick every time he wants a hard-on, he must be trained in self-injection. Even then, the procedure is not 100% effective on all patients at all times. Furthermore, this artificial stiff can trigger a dangerous drop in overall blood pressure; there have been instances of bleeding, and if the patient misses the cavernosa in his haste and injects the fluid into the penis proper, he is in for a painfully contused dick. If these drawbacks were not daunting enough, scar tissue builds up along the cavernosa after many piercings, making injection difficult or impossible. Elist has offered IC to 100 patients; only one chose it. The patient returned six weeks later and opted for an implant.

Upon hearing the details of IC, patients are generally eager to learn more about penile prostheses. Elist, who has installed more than 500 implants during his Washington residency, performed hundreds of prosthetic surgeries in 1987 alone, as opposed to four or five during 1981, the year he started his practice. He attributes the jump in popularity of implants to the public's increased awareness that the procedure is relatively complication-free. Also, patients are now less bashful and more willing to talk to one another both about impotency and the operation. Many of his clients are referred to him by satisfied customers.

Once a patient has gone through all the tests and nonsurgical therapies, Elist explains the three basic types of implants: inflatable, semi-inflatable and solid.

The inflatable is the most complex and, at approximately $10,000, the most expensive. The three-piece apparatus consists of a reservoir installed under the abdominal muscles, a pump placed in the scrotum, and the implants themselves, which are inserted to fill the major penile blood cavities. The inflatable version requires major surgery, taking 90 minutes to two hours to complete, with a commensurately longer hospital stay and recuperation period.

Once it's ready to go, and the proud new owner gets lucky, he simply squeezes the pump in his balls, which pulls the saline solution down from the reservoir under his abdomen and swells his cock. The inflatable provides erections on cue and becomes fully soft and unobtrusive after use. Negatives, other than extra cost and surgery time, are three movable parts. With the specter of mechanical failure necessitating a second operation for replacement or removal, Elist feels the inflated device is inappropriate for older patients. He also recommends a more basic model to patients who might attempt to increase cock size by overpumping the implant.

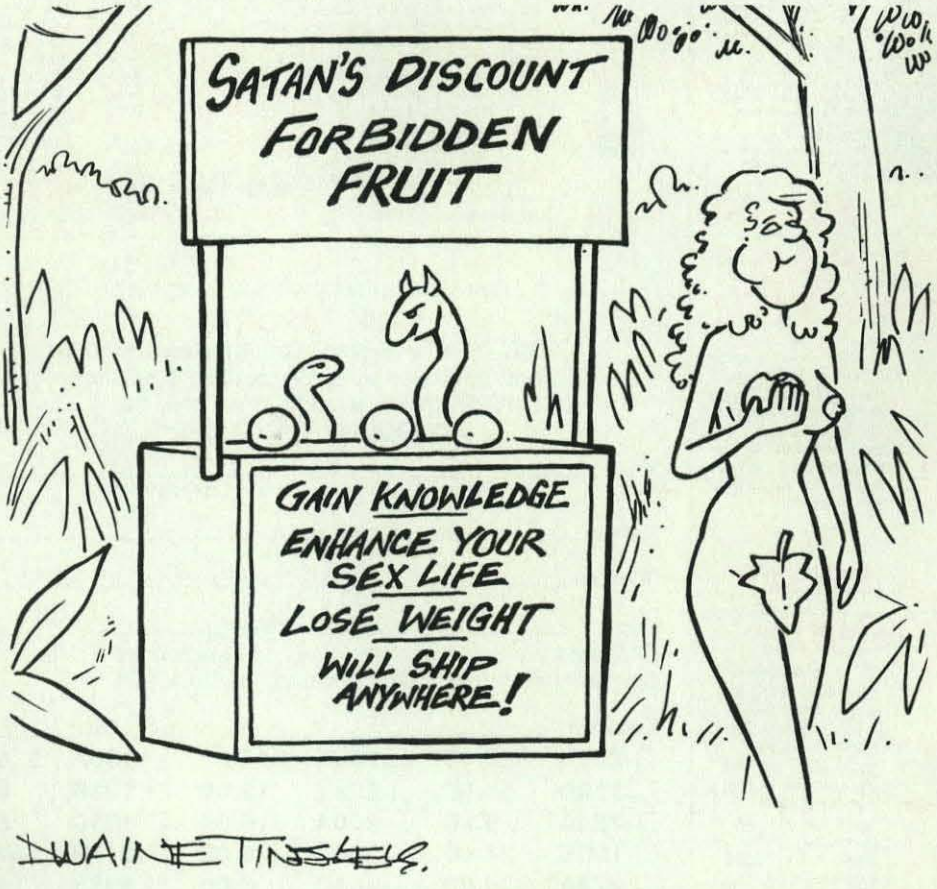
Like the inflatable version, the semi-inflatable implant works on a hydraulic principle. It is, however, a self-contained device, consisting only of the penis-filling implants. Installation time is just over an hour, at a cost of about $8,000. The semi-inflatable is pressed into service by squeezing its tip, which pushes water from a compartment in the head to a chamber in the implant's length, effecting erection. The patient can penetrate and have sex as many times as he wants. When he's had his fill, he simply bends his penis in the middle, sending the fluid back to the tip, and his dick is soft and manageable.

Although not as prone to mechanical breakdown as the three-part inflatable, the semirigid does share the possibility that it might perforate or sporadically malfunction.

The most basic prosthesis, and the one favored by the vast majority of Elist's patients, is the solid implant. Costing around $5,000, requiring a 45-minute surgery and often less than a full day's hospitalization, the solid-state implant is the most accessible and dependable. A pliable silicone coating around a center of woven silver wire, the solid implant has no movable parts and functions partially on the patient's own biology. Explains Dr. Elist: "We open the cavity and let the blood come in. At the same time, we put in the prosthesis so the chamber doesn't collapse." The implant provides about 70% of the volume needed to achieve erection. The other 30% is supplied by the patient's own blood, making this the most natural and undetectable of the restorative implements. When the wearer wishes to engage in sex, he simply bends the pliant implant into the upright position. As he becomes excited, blood (though too meager to produce a hard-on unaided) flows in around the implant to fill the space, resulting in a real, full erection.

The possible complications of the solid-state implant are endemic to all penile prostheses, consisting of infection at the time of operation, minor infection of the skin, inflamed foreskin or damage to the cavernosa as the implant is slid in. Of his several hundred operations, Elist claims only four wound infections (due to hospital materials, which were subsequently

(continued on page 92)



"No doubt about it, kid; with the proper promotion, sin sells!"



"All right, you two-timing slut, where is the sumbitch?!"

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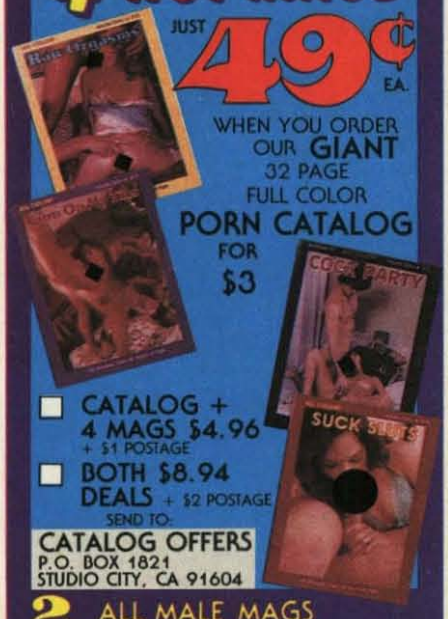


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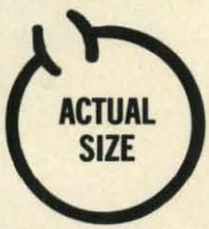
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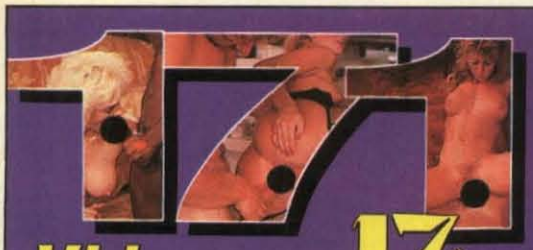
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PENILE IMPLANTS *(continued from page 88)*

"After I come, I just keep going if I'm on the bottom," sighs Clyde, beaming. "It's a beautiful thing."

changed) and one instance of an intern puncturing the penile cavity. He has so far experienced no mechanical failures and eliminates foreskin problems by routinely circumcising implant recipients who are as yet uncut.

Within four to six weeks the patient is ready to roll. Elist recommends exercising the implant before commencing engagements, bending it to the right and left to soften the wire inside and accustom the user. On the first few outings, the rejuvenated man is advised to lubricate his penis liberally with K-Y Jelly or Vaseline, partially to prevent any trauma to the incision, but primarily because years of nonuse have dried the skin of the penis.

"After using it," notes Elist, "the woman gets lubricated, and they're not going to have any problem. It works from any position, top, bottom, from the side or rear, oral sex, anal sex."

Elist, about to publish a book, *Put Impotency in Your Past*, feels his work is doubly rewarding. "When you restore a man's potency, you are directly helping at least two people."

And indirectly giving future hope to all of us who may one day grow old and be in need of a trusty bone.

• • •

George S.

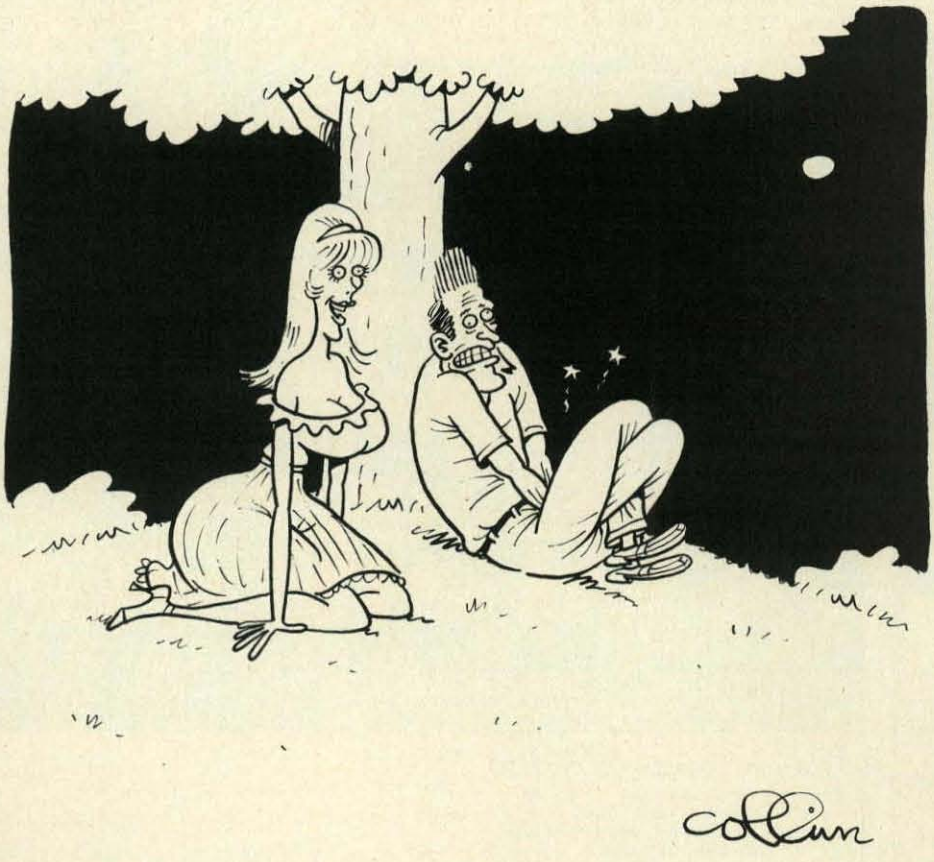
Though impotent since the age of 60, it wasn't until five years later, once he'd retired and rested up, that George S. really missed the ability to have sex. He was almost ready to give it up.

"I didn't realize they could do something like [prosthesis]," recalls George. "I'd heard of putting in wires and things. That didn't sound like the answer. Actually, I hadn't paid that much attention."

While consulting Dr. Elist on another matter, George casually mentioned his erectile problem. Dr. Elist introduced George to a man who had undergone penile prosthesis. That man's satisfied experience convinced George to have the operation himself.

"I was sore for a week; it was similar to having a hernia done. It took a month and a half to heal up, but it works now."

At age 68½, George has sex about three times a week. In the 2½ years since the operation, he's had zero problems with the apparatus.



"Oh, show me; I've never seen blueballs before!"

"I don't think that often about it," says George. "It's just like a normal erection. If I didn't say anything, nobody would know it was there."

George was married a few months after his prosthesis, to a woman he's known for more than 20 years. "It wasn't really because of the operation that we got married," he avers, but the implant has unquestionably enriched their wedded bliss.

• • •

Clyde N.

"This is the best thing that ever happened to me in my lifetime," testifies Clyde N., his face suffused with a rapturous glow. "I was a diabetic and had high blood pressure, taking all that medication. My nature stopped all at once, overnight it looked like. I spent money, money, money going to doctors. I even went to these psychics. I thought somebody done something to me, 'cause it just quit all at once. You got a good piece tonight, and no more after that."

Impotence was particularly irksome to Clyde as he had not forsaken the notion of nookie. "I'm one of these guys, I get out by a bunch of girls, and the first thing I do is get to begging some pussy," admits Clyde. "I beg for it, they're ready to give it, and I can't get it? That's heartbreaking. It worked over my brains good. I'd just be peeing. I might as well be dead."

Penile prosthesis was a relatively new procedure, and Clyde was reluctant to be a guinea pig. "Finally, one day I got mad." Clyde can laugh about it now. " 'Ain't nothing happening. I can't get no worse. Let's put it in.' "

About a month later, Clyde was ready to take care of business. He was a little leery at first, and tried getting used to it at home.

"I can't tell what's different in it," reported his wife after their first experiment. "One thing, it's much better than what I been getting all these years we been scuffling around here trying to get something with nothing."

Clyde's marriage improved meteorically, but his wife died soon after.

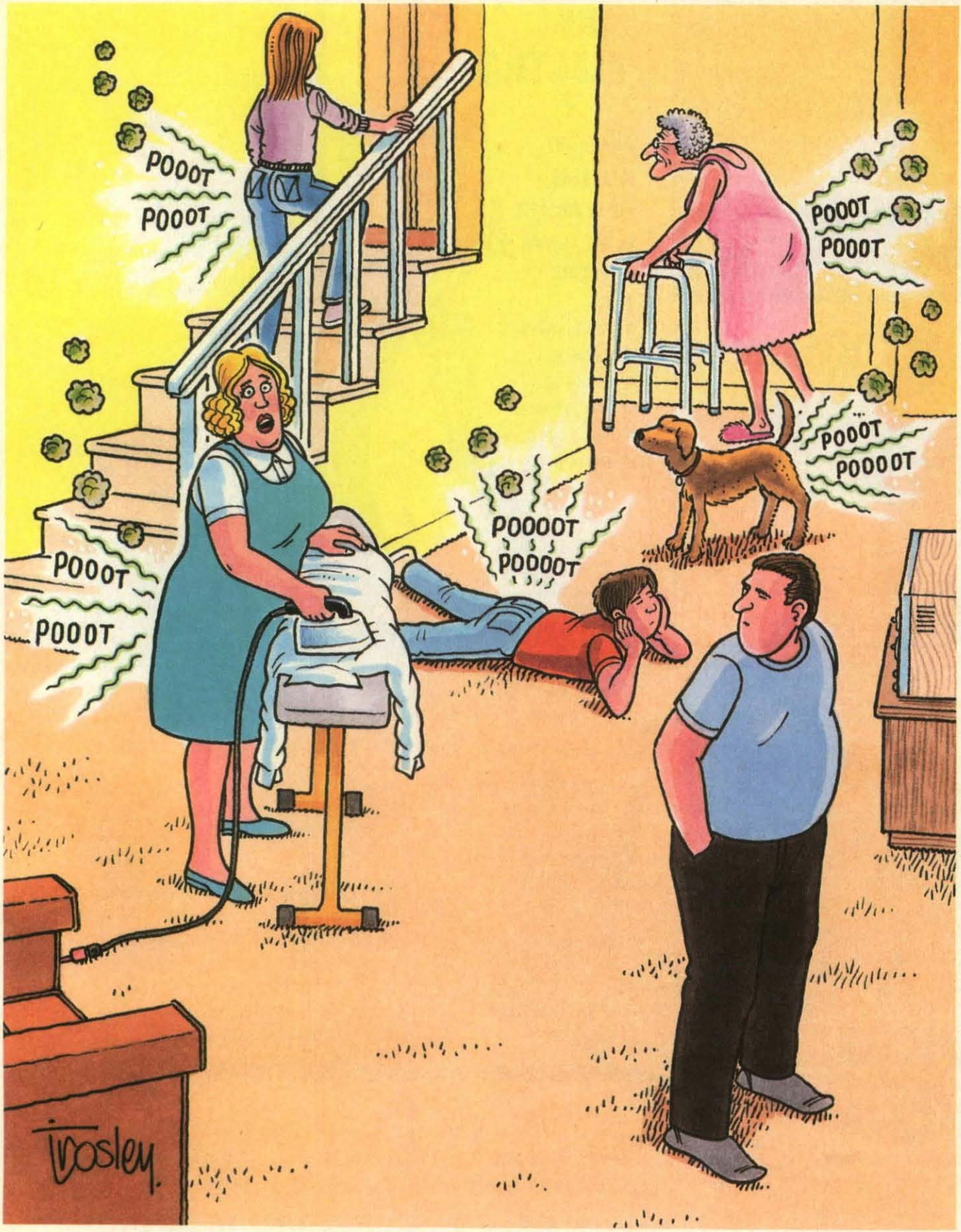
"She got eight months out of it," reflects Clyde philosophically. "I guess she hated to leave that."

If it hadn't been for his prosthesis, Clyde might never have rebounded from his wife's demise. As it is, at 65 Clyde's got a steady girlfriend and goes out with the woman next door.

"Sometimes they ask, 'How the hell old is you, and how the hell do you fuck so long?' " boasts Clyde. " 'How in the hell does this old man fuck so good?' If I want to tell 'em, I tell 'em. There's no way in hell they can tell it. It's just like an ordinary dick once that blood gets around."

Clyde claims to enjoy his dick more

(continued on page 96)

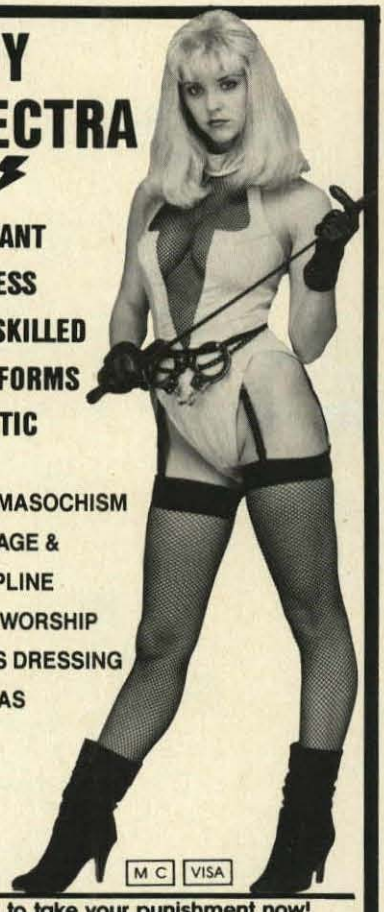


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PENILE IMPLANTS *(continued from page 92)*

"We used to go to bed and have to wait and wait," remembers John. "Now it's just go right on."

than he did when it was standard issue. "After I come, I just keep on going if I'm on the bottom," sighs Clyde, beaming. "It's a beautiful thing. And it keeps getting better and better the longer it's in there."

• • •

John D.

John D. was never one for chasing after a lot of ladies.

"I just take care of what I can," states the 74-year-old member of the usher board of his Baptist church. When he began having trouble taking care of what was his, he sought help. John had two girlfriends at the time of his difficulties, one 63 and one 34.

"I didn't know if it was excitement or what," John relates, "but with this younger woman, I just couldn't do anything. It's a shameful feeling to be disappointed.

"Later on, I'd go for this woman that was 63, and it worked. I could just push it in." The situation was a question mark to John. He tried pills and therapies to no avail. A year ago he agreed to have an implant. After an initial complication with his foreskin, which swelled and wouldn't come back forward after ejaculation and had to be removed, John has had no failures with either his young or his old girlfriend.

"We used to go to bed and have to wait and wait and wait and all this stuff," remembers John. "We'd have to kiss and go on like that. Now it's just go right on. It's not bending in the middle because it got soft.

"Last night I made this connection with this girl. This morning I didn't do anything. I just took a bath. I really play it cool, and I enjoy it that way."

John feels that his newfound prowess is a blessing from God, who gives man the wisdom, knowledge and understanding to do heart transplants, kidney transplants and, now, penile prostheses.

"I pray to God that everything will continue working," concludes John. "I will be happy with what it's doing right now."

• • •

Emmet W.

Emmet W. is a California circuit judge in his mid-50s who opted for the complex and costly inflatable prosthesis.

"I didn't feel I'd be using it that often," reasoned the judge. "I didn't want to be seen as though I had a constant erection at the racquet club, but I'd be very happy to have it in case something came up, if I met a beautiful girl at a party, for instance. I wanted the assurance that if I did decide to go with her, neither of us would be dissatisfied."

So far, no disappointments have darkened the judge's calendar, and he has received an unexpected reprieve from a concurrent ailment.

"Prior to the prosthesis," confides His Honor, "I had to go in to the urologist every few months to have my urinary tract cleared out. It was extremely uncomfortable."

Many men, upon reaching middle age, because they lose the ability to have an erection and ejaculate, develop an enlarged prostate, which renders pissing painful or impossible. Following prosthesis, these men engage in sexual activity and ejaculate more often. Their prostates shrink back to normal size, usually without any further surgery, and the urinary problems disappear.

"I'm using it much more than I ever dreamed I would," enthuses Emmet, "and it's good for me to do so."

• • •

Steven M.

Steven M. is only 30 years old, and already he is on his second lifetime. A victim of severe diabetes, Steven's erectile ability deserted him in his early 20s.

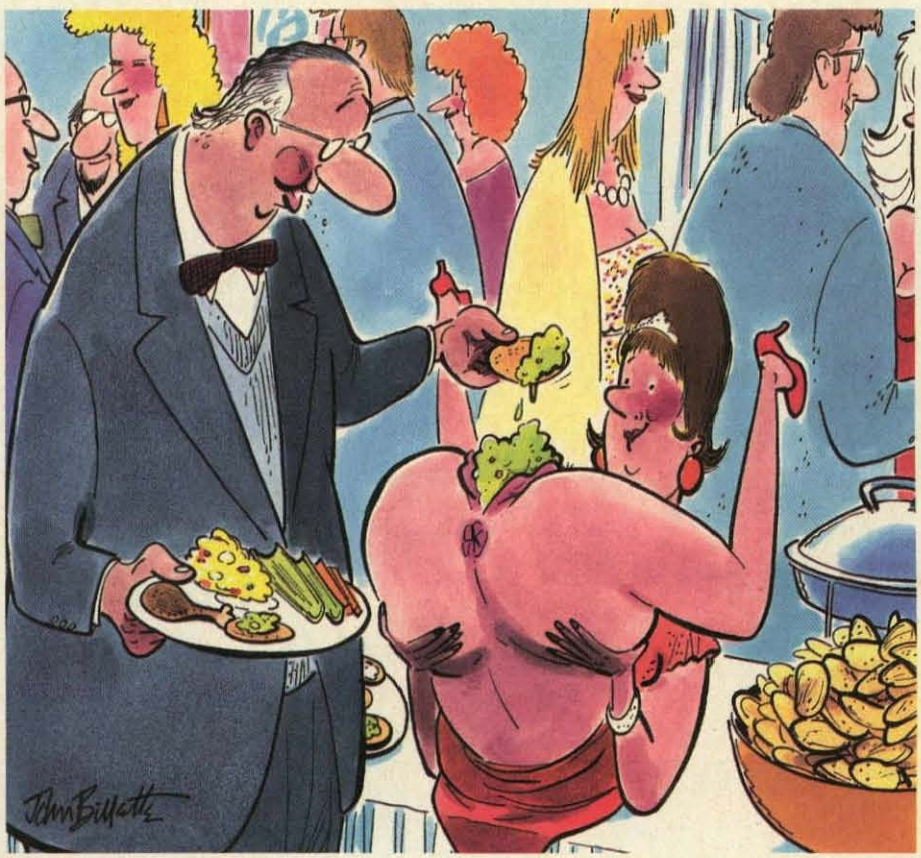
"I was totally baffled by it," he says of his initial failures. "I was sure something must be seriously wrong with me, emotionally."

Steven sought psychiatric therapy, but to no effect. He became increasingly desperate as his outlook dawned more and more bleak.

"There I was, 27 years old with no hope for a normal life, no future, no chance of a family or a wife. What kind of a husband could I have been? I couldn't even be a boyfriend."

Finally, a young internist considered the possibility that Steven's was a physical malady. A series of complex tests confirmed the intern's hunch. No blood was getting to Steven's penis.

Since being equipped with a semi-inflatable, squeeze-tip prosthesis, Steven's outlook has turned around 180 degrees. "They put a catheter in during the operation, to protect the urethra; so the first time I urinated afterward, it burned like hell. That's the last unpleasant sensation my penis has caused me since then," laughs Steven. He digs out his wallet and proudly shows off a snapshot of his wife and their new baby. "I don't want to get cornball about it," he says, his voice cracking, "but this implant has given me a new life, literally."



"Great dip, Gloria!"

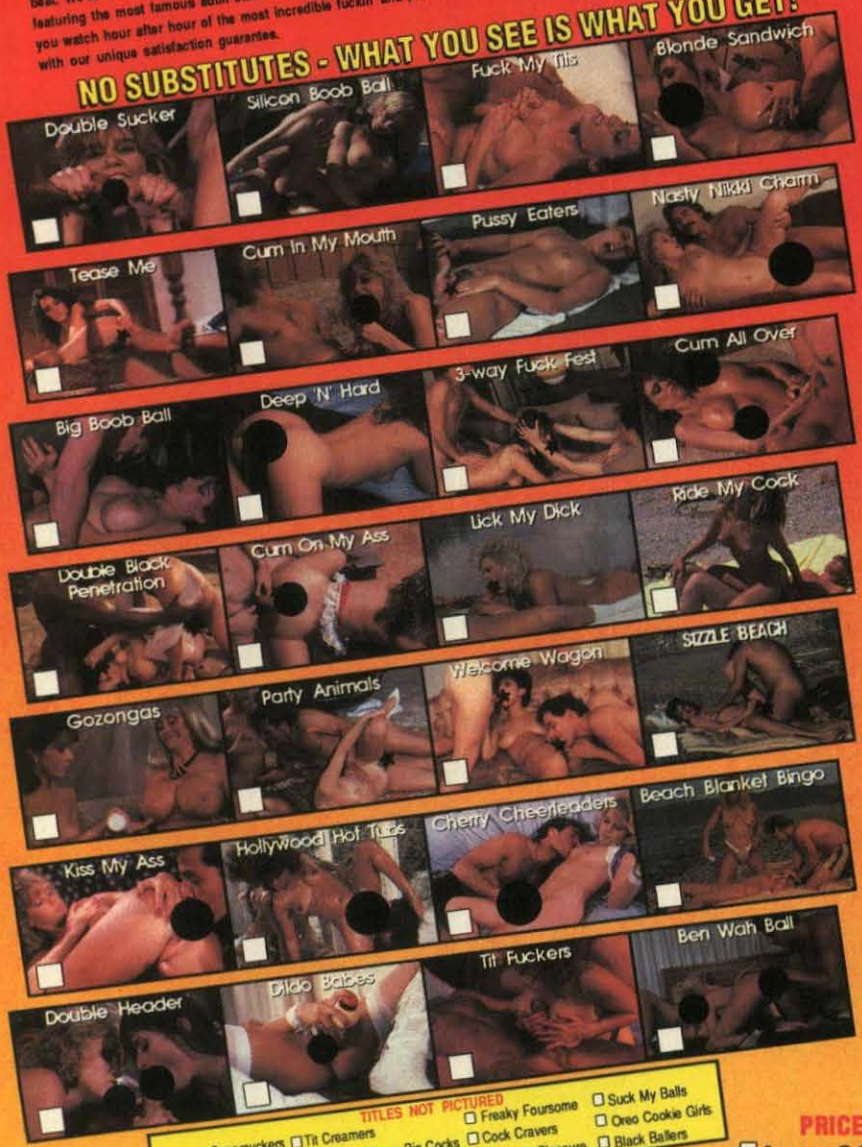
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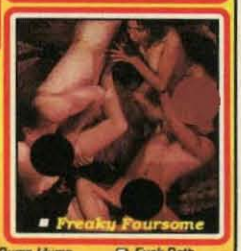
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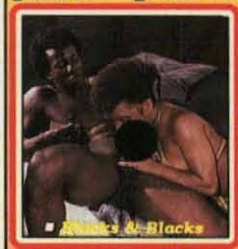
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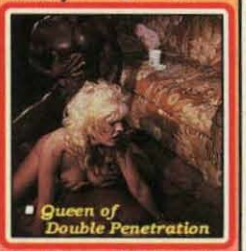
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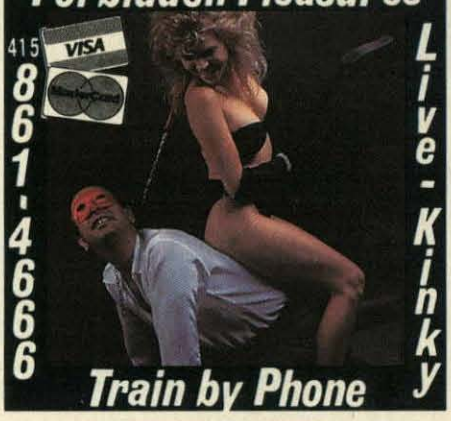
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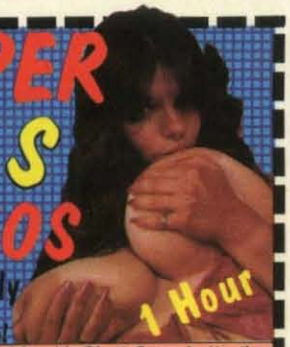


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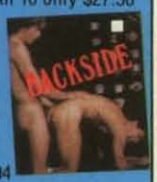


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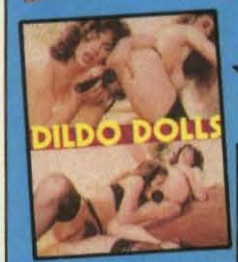
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CONTRACT KILLER *(continued from page 52)*

Then Dick asked me if I liked killing. He didn't say killing animals or killing people.

don't need one." There was no way I could find out who they were.

Dick always put on a face around the club and around me. You wouldn't suspect that he had anything to do with it. I didn't notice his attitude change, not then. He still maintained a friendly personality toward me. He told me I didn't see nothing. I went by that.

If Dick told you to do something, he expected you to do it. No questions asked.

There was a lot of phone calls coming for Dick, and the callers wouldn't give their last names. The telephone was right at the end of the bar, right where everybody could hear him; so he'd motion for people to move or go away. Me and Tommy would ask the customers to move if they were too close to the phone.

I saw the guns, and then the phone calls; it started clicking in my head that something just wasn't right. I knew about the prostitution, but as far as Dick being the ringleader of a murder-for-hire organization, I did not think that at the time. I figured something like drug running.

What really set it off was when I was introduced to Bill Buckley. Every night, when Bill started getting drunk, he would talk more and more. He'd started driving Dick's car, and he'd talk about conversations between him and Dick. Bill liked to reflect back about when he was a prison guard. One time they had to break up this prison fight, and he hit one guy in the back of the head with a riot stick and busted his head open. He'd seen people stabbed and cut in prison with homemade knives.

Bill wouldn't stare at you the whole time he was talking to you. He'd look away, and he'd be drinking his beer, and then he'd look back at you. But when he did look at you, it was just like he was staring a hole into you. I got an uneasy feeling just being with him. He didn't make me scared; I just didn't particularly care to be with him.

At the Continental Halloween party Bill had a T-shirt on that was camouflaged. His pants was camouflaged. He wore combat boots with the bottom of his pants tucked in just like he was in the service. He had a camouflaged headband around his head, even though he had a burr haircut and didn't have no hair.

He had a survival knife on his side, and he was carrying guns, a .45 on one side, and then he had more handguns. I don't know what the devil they were. I'd never seen none like them until that time, and I've not seen any since.

Bill was standing at the end of the bar, next to the telephone and the stairs, talking to me. I was complaining, "Man, this is ridiculous. Paid $60 for six days."

And he told me, "Well, you could be making a lot more money working for Dick if you want to, but I'm not going to say anything right yet."

They were starting to trust me. After I saw the gun buy, and was answering telephones and renting rooms for the hookers, they saw I wouldn't do anything.

Soon after Halloween, Dick went up on the roof with me to change lightbulbs. Dick mostly wore dress clothes, dress pants and a squared-off dress shirt that he never tucked in because he had a belly. Just about every time I saw him, he had on a pair of black dress boots that zipped up on the inside. He'd wear gold necklaces and one ring on one hand and one on the other—not the type of thing you'd expect a man to be wearing to climb up on a roof.

I thought it was sort of strange. After we got the lightbulbs done, he didn't want to get down. He wanted to sit there and talk to me. When he talked, Dick didn't always look at you. He might be facing at you, but he'd be looking around to see if there's anything else going around.

I can't remember when, but Dick did openly tell me about what he called *gutshoot* somebody. If anybody in that club ever made him mad, he would go out one night and just wait for them in the high grass with a gun. When they walked out, he'd shoot them in the gut. To shoot you in the belly is a torturous death.

We was sitting there on the roof, talking, and Dick asked me did I own a gun. He'd heard from Tommy that I had a .357 Magnum.

Dick asked me, "Do you like guns?"

I said, "Sure."

He asked did I like to go hunting.

"Sure," I said. "I like to hunt."

Then he asked me if I liked killing. He didn't say killing animals or killing people. The way Dick talked, it was like there was no big deal about it.

There was mention of drugs. He'd like to get into a large amount of drugs, purchasing them and then having people go out and sell them for him. A couple of times a month he was wanting to take Tommy and me up north to Chicago. He wanted us to protect him. We'd be his bodyguards. He said we'd be paid well.

I told him I'd go for it. I said, "I'll do anything to make some more money."

He didn't pat me on the knee. He didn't pat me on the back. He said, "Well, I'll

(continued on page 104)



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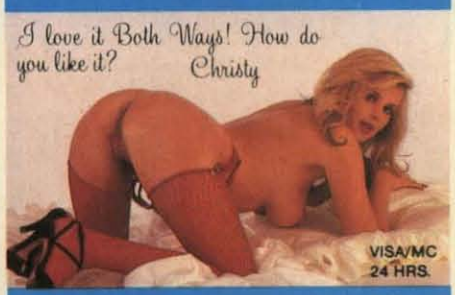
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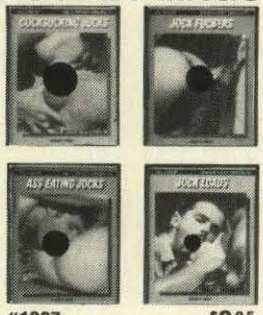


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CONTRACT KILLER *(continued from page 100)*

Tommy just come right out and told me, "I know how you can make $30,000—if you accept a contract . . ."

let you know."

The way Dick had been talking to me, and the gun buy I'd witnessed and renting the motel rooms and people I'd talked to on the telephone, it all started adding up. I done been breaking minor laws. They seen me keep my mouth shut. They figured, *Well, now is the right time to approach him. Let's reel him in more.* When I told Dick up on the roof that I'd do anything to make some more money, that might be what set him off to tell Tommy to offer it to me.

It was like Tommy didn't really care what happened to you or anybody else. When his wife was pregnant, he got me to take her to the hospital, and he stayed at the Continental Club. They was afraid she was going to lose the baby. I kept calling the club, trying to get him to come to the hospital. He said, "Well, I'll be there." It was more important for him to stay at the club.

My grandmother died on the morning of November 16. That night when I come to work, I started complaining because I knew, with my grandmother dead, that I was going to have to make more money than $60 a week. Dick was in the bar that night.

A couple of hours after I started work, Tommy just come right out and told me, "I know how you can make $30,000."

I looked at him, and I said, "Huh?"

He said, "Yeah, if you accept a contract for a man in Miami, Florida."

"I don't know, Tommy," I said. "I could do a lot with $30,000. But I don't know right now. It'd take a lot for somebody to do that. Let me have maybe a day or so."

Tommy just told me, "Well, let me know, Rick."

We went about our business. I thought, *Well, hell, you know Tommy's involved in something.*

Two days later I learned from Diane's husband, the bartender's husband, that Sean Doutre was arrested in a stolen car. They found a lot of cash on him, a shotgun, jewelry, a silencer and things like that. Nobody at the club talked about it.

Sean was two bouncers before I got hired. He was a mysterious person. Sean wasn't a social-type person. He would call for Dick, and he would know that Dick was there before he would come into the club. Every now and then he would drink beer; most of the time he wouldn't touch nothing. He would sit at the table right by the stairs coming into the bar. Sean would talk to Dick. It would be a serious business talk between him and Dick. Then he'd be right down the stairs. Dick didn't want me, or Tommy either, around.

It made me wonder. I'd seen Sean in the club. Then he's got this gun and a large amount of cash on him in a stolen rental car. I had an idea that there might have been a contract carried out. I had no concrete proof to my suspicions. I knew something was going on, but it was not enough to make me want to get away from there. Nothing real serious had happened around me.

Everything was kind of mellowed out. Dick didn't talk to me much. We put up a canopy up over the outside door, but there wasn't much conversation going on. They was just, *Well, let's wait and see what happens, what Rick says.*

Dick figured I was going to accept it. Every night I'd have to go around the parking lot, maybe pick up a little bit of trash. Me and Dick was standing there. He was leaning up against a car with his arms crossed. He told me to be very careful about how I answered the telephone. He was very worried about somebody calling and being a police officer. He knew I knew something was going on. He had in his mind that I was going to go for it.

The next thing that happened was when my car got stolen. It was stolen out of a gas-station parking lot. The clerk at the gas station said it was Brad took the car. Brad was another exception. I could let him come in the club even though he was a minor. No problem.

My gun was in the car, under the front seat. The gun belonged to me, but the gun wasn't registered to me. I bought it from somebody else. It wasn't even registered to the guy I bought it from.

Sean was given a gun in January for a contract murder after he made bail. It was a .357. I just wonder if that was my gun.

• • •

A week after my grandmother died, on Friday night, I told Tommy that I couldn't do it. I'd weighed it in my mind.

If somebody is bothering me, and it comes down to life and death, I might shoot you. But just for the money alone, no, I couldn't do that. If I do it, I step over the line from trying to live life kind of decent, which aiding and abetting prostitution is not. But if I stepped over the line into the other world of murder, I may as well just keep doing it. Why stop? It wouldn't have mattered then if I killed one person or I went on and killed ten.

I knew if I did it, I'd probably get caught sooner or later. I didn't want to go to pris-

(continued on page 108)



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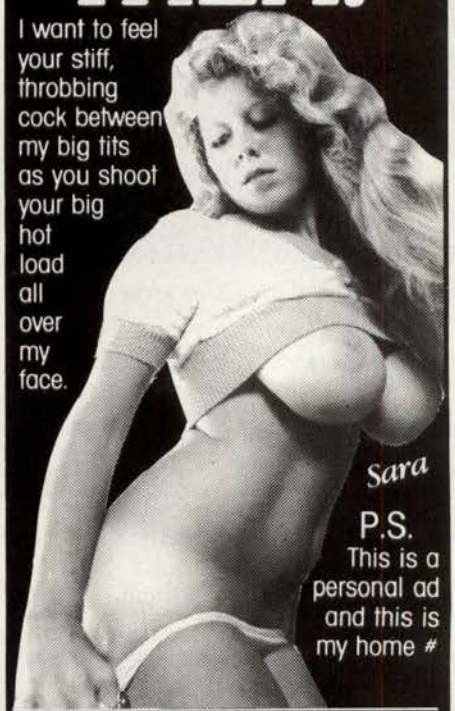
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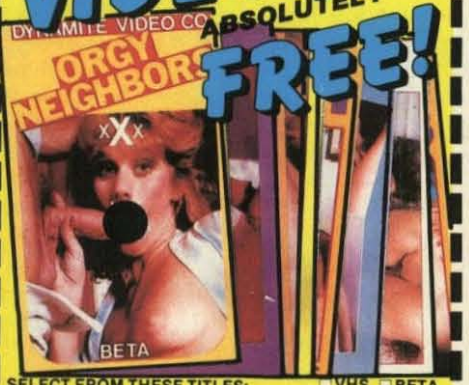
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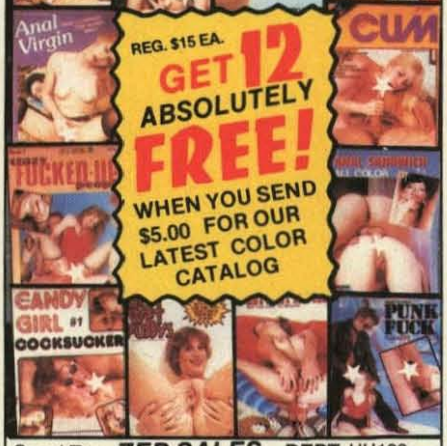
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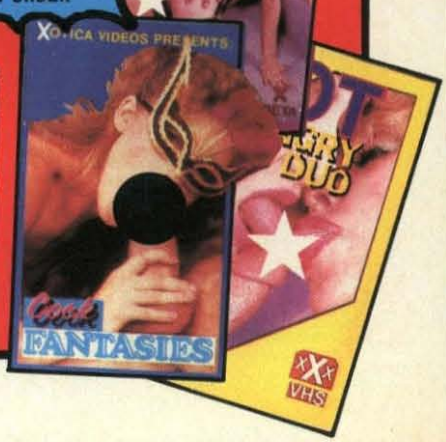
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CONTRACT KILLER *(continued from page 104)*

It entered my mind that Dick told me about gut-shooting somebody. From then on, I was very careful.

on. I still don't want to go to prison. I might go someday for something, but I hope not.

That Friday, I knew I was going to say no. It didn't bother me until I pulled into the parking lot and got out. I didn't know how Tommy's reaction would be or how anybody else's reaction would be. But it was something I had to tell them.

Tommy would look directly at you and let you talk. My voice was kind of breaking up. I wanted the money, but I didn't want to do something like that to get the money. It would just take too much for me to kill somebody for money that never bothered me.

Tommy was kind of a calm person, but this attitude then said, "I don't care what happens to you." It was like Tommy said, "Don't talk to me no more." I'd stayed over at Tommy's house many times, in his trailer.

I started noticing little changes.

Maybe 30 or 45 minutes later it got like everybody just didn't want anything to do with me, didn't want to talk to me or nothing. They started treating me like, "You ain't nothing. Just do your job and leave us alone." The only ones that would talk to me was Joyce, Diane and the dancers.

I started getting the feeling that something wasn't right, and maybe I should have said yes. I had an uneasy feeling about everybody. I didn't feel threatened in any real way, but it entered my mind what Dick told me about gut-shooting somebody. From then until the day I was fired, I was very careful when I left at night.

Dick talked to me very little after that. The night I was fired, he called me at home. He said, "I don't need you no more. You can come in if you want to get your pay that I owe you."

The night I went in, Dick didn't come in there for a little while. I started drinking with a couple of guys I knew that belonged to the Outlaws. I wanted to keep the job. It might not be anybody else's idea of a job, but I liked working at the club. I liked a lot of the dancers. The whole time I was at the Continental, I went through four of them.

Anyway, I was sitting there, and Dick come in. He paid me, and he said, "Okay, you can leave now."

I said, "I wanna stay and drink another beer." So I sat back down with those two guys, and I drank my beer. Then I left.

I went downstairs. Then I tried to go back upstairs. There was a Knox County cop there. He started up in front of me and saw Sheri-Lynn Breeden standing there with a baseball bat. She was a lesbian that was working there, more what we'd call a dyke or a man. When Dick fired me, Sheri was so-called to be the bouncer. She was pretty rough. She could take care of her own self.

The cop turned around and come back down. He grabbed me and said, "Go on out the door." He told me what was going to happen. He put his jacket on, he put his gun on his side and pulled his badge out. He said, "I want you to get out of this parking lot." So I left.

The next day I took this dancer Tami to work. She went in, and about ten minutes later she come out and said, "Dick wants your membership card." He was barring me.

• • •

The first time I saw the van was over by my grandmother's house, where I was still living. It came by the house real slow. It was just looking. I was very skeptical about people then that would come by and just stare.

About two days later I started noticing it again. It was behind me. I'd speed up; they'd speed up. I'd slow down; they'd slow down. Everywhere I went that van would pop up.

One night I slept in the alleyway from my aunt's house. I locked the car and just laid down in the car. My aunt was up because she's up and down all night. She's standing there in the window, and she sees the van stop behind my car and somebody get out and walk around to the driver's side door. My aunt didn't know what they was going to do; so she got Owen, my uncle, up. He opened the back door and got his gun and yelled at 'em. They got in their van and left.

After she told me that, I wondered if they were going to try to do something to me. I was starting to fear for my life at that time. Right now I still don't know. Something could come down.

Eventually the FBI came to the door. The man showed me his ID, and they came in and started asking all kinds of questions: how long I'd worked for Dick, how I'd known him. They wanted to know everything I knew about him. There was a time period that I couldn't go nowhere. I couldn't leave the state unless I called them and told them where I was going, when I was going, when I'd be back and what I was going for.

It went on for about a year like that. As of right now, I have not been arrested by them. I don't expect to be arrested, but I don't know.





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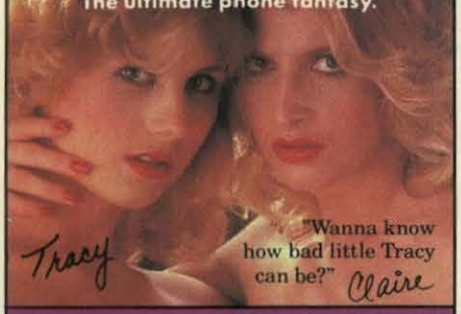
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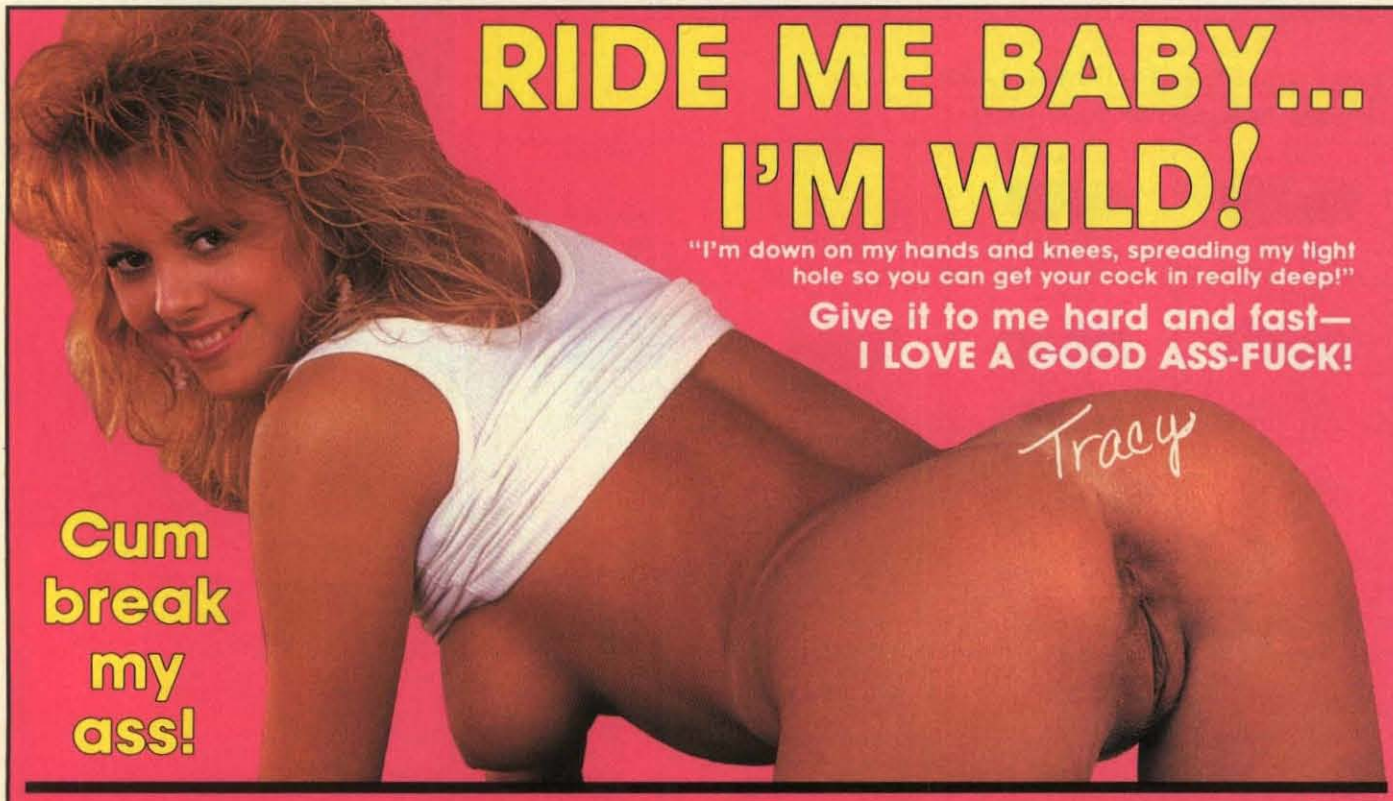


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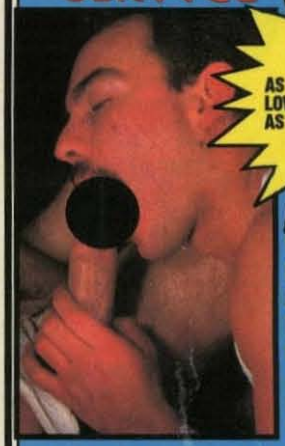
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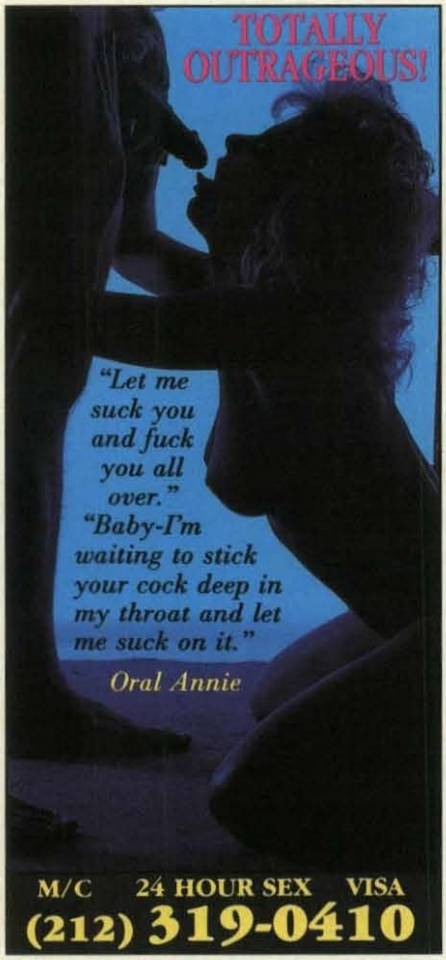
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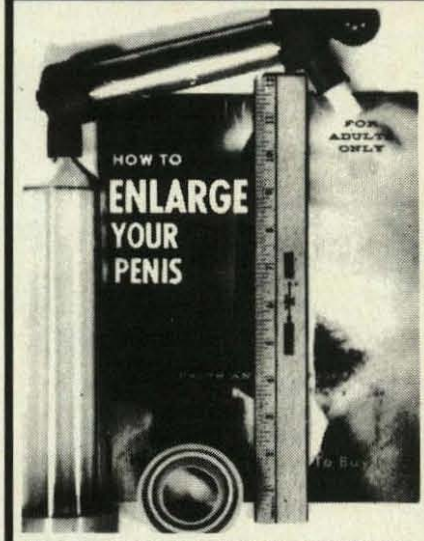


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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 6)

since '87, because it gets more difficult to purchase a fine men's magazine like yours at a local newsstand. I do have one suggestion: Why don't you produce two versions of HUSTLER, a hard-core type that could be mailed to your subscribers, and one more like the magazine you publish for the newsstand for those who don't care for actual insertion? —C.M.
Ormond Beach, Florida

Recently enacted legislation, and proposed laws awaiting a vote in Congress, make it even more difficult to send adult material through the mail. And most new censorship-oriented laws put the person receiving *the goods in jeopardy, meaning that it wouldn't be Larry Flynt vs. the Feds, but the little guy having to face Big Government. One proposed law facing Congress—called the Child Protection and Obscenity Act—has a few paragraphs about child protection, which nobody opposes, and page after page of new mumbo jumbo that once again fails to define obscenity, but allows the Feds to seize a store owner's entire property if he's convicted of selling two copies of something judged obscene.*

PRISON OFFENDERS

Just thought I'd let your staff know of the harassment faced by inmates of the Southern Michigan penal facility when they attempt to get issues of HUSTLER. Lately, the magazines are being held up by a female employee of the prison mailroom whenever any acts of homosexuality between women are depicted. Mind you, this is a men's prison. There is a policy directive which bans publications that show acts of homosexuality, which they—the Department of Corrections—consider to be adverse to the good discipline and order of the institution. Now, I ask, Are they trying to say that if men view two women engaging in sex, that this will cause two men to go mad? The viewing of such material serves as a release of the tension that is built up in this enormous facility thru idleness, lack of jobs and no contact with females. It is also ironic that the only people HUSTLER offends are those who don't have to pay one red cent to view it. Why should it be their decision how this material will affect others? Thank you for your fine publication. —J. T.
Jackson, Michigan

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to Feedback, HUSTLER, *9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.*

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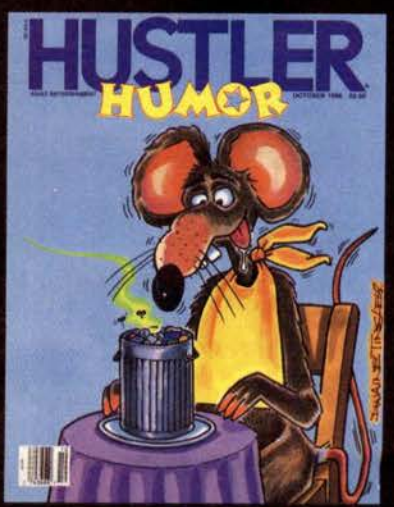
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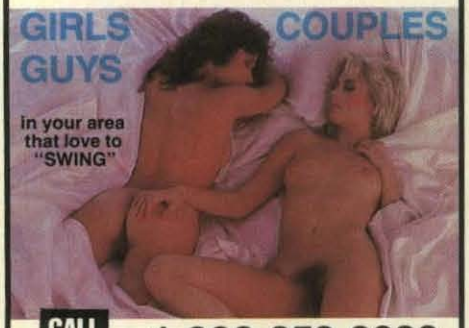
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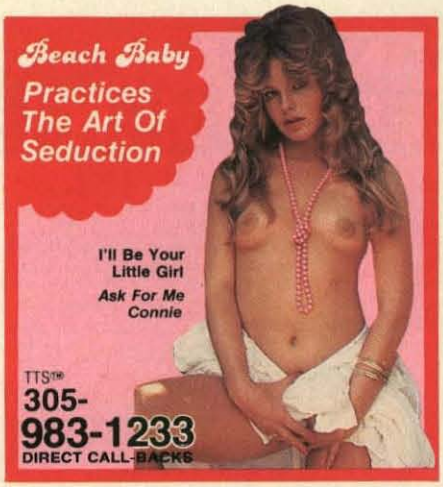
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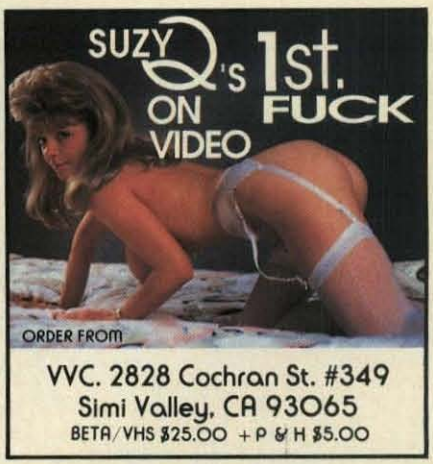
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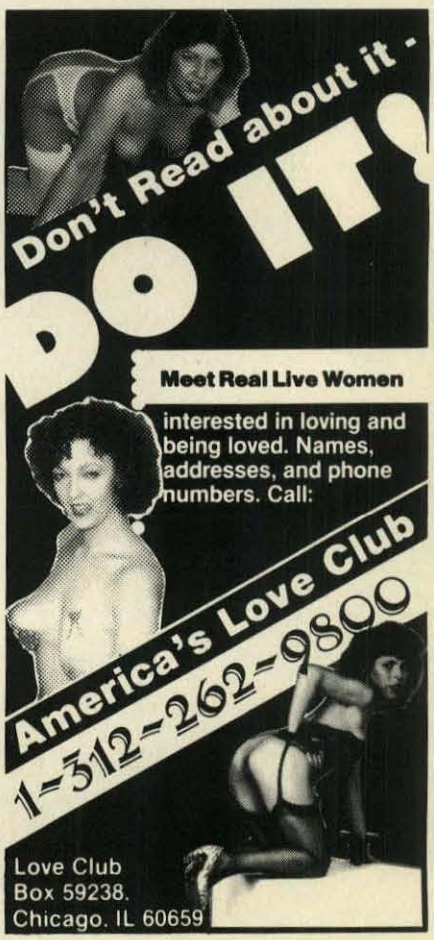
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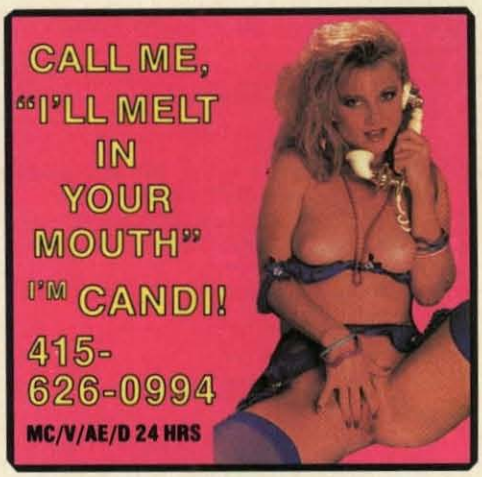
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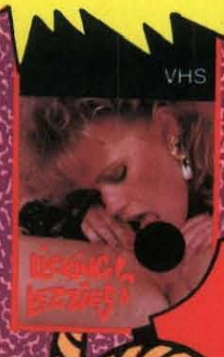
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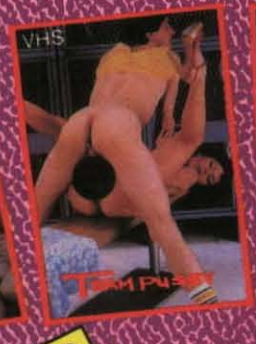


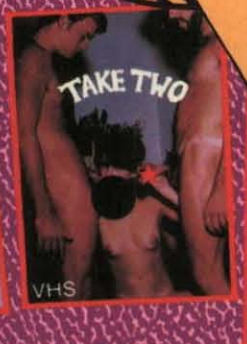
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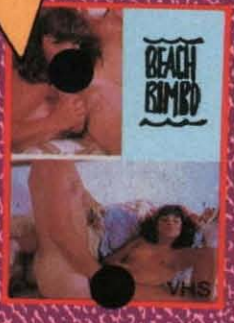
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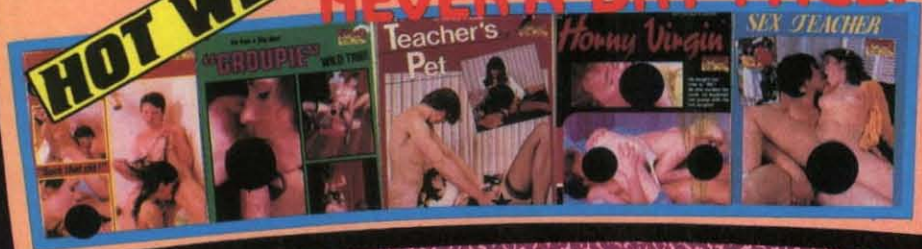


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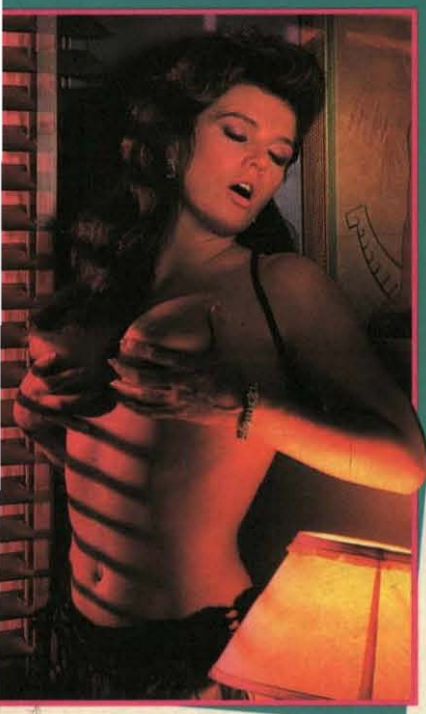
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February '89 edition on sale December 20, 1988

PINK OUTLOOK FOR THE NEW YEAR

This holiday season President Ronald Reagan gives America and the world the best gift of all: He's leaving office. But before he bids adieu, fascist friends are throwing Ronnie a furious farewell fiesta. Uninvited HUSTLER operatives plan to be there with hidden cameras to record the highlights for an exclusive photo-feature, "Farewell to Reagan," which promises to expose the hypocrisy of the dangerous politicos who have disgraced the decade. It's an outrageous HUSTLER-style send-off that will rattle right-wingers from coast-to-coast. Then we'll introduce you to the girls of winter, starting with a horny harlot who diddles herself to sizzling temperatures. Next, move to a pool where a muff-diving dude wields his beef slab into a hot little brunette who can't say no to fucking her brains out. But save your big blast for our classy centerfold, a top-heavy siren with long, shapely legs who could boil your balls in a blizzard. Enjoy!

SWING YOUR PARTNER 'ROUND AND 'ROUND

Despite rumors to the contrary, swinging *ain't* dead. In fact, judging from the annual swingers' celebration, the Lifestyle '88 Convention, swinging is wilder than ever. Let HUSTLER's Anthony "Tex" Lovett guide you through the outrageous action in an exciting blow-by-blow account featuring explicit photos from the legendary costume ball.



AIDSWATCH: THE AGENT ORANGE CONNNECTION

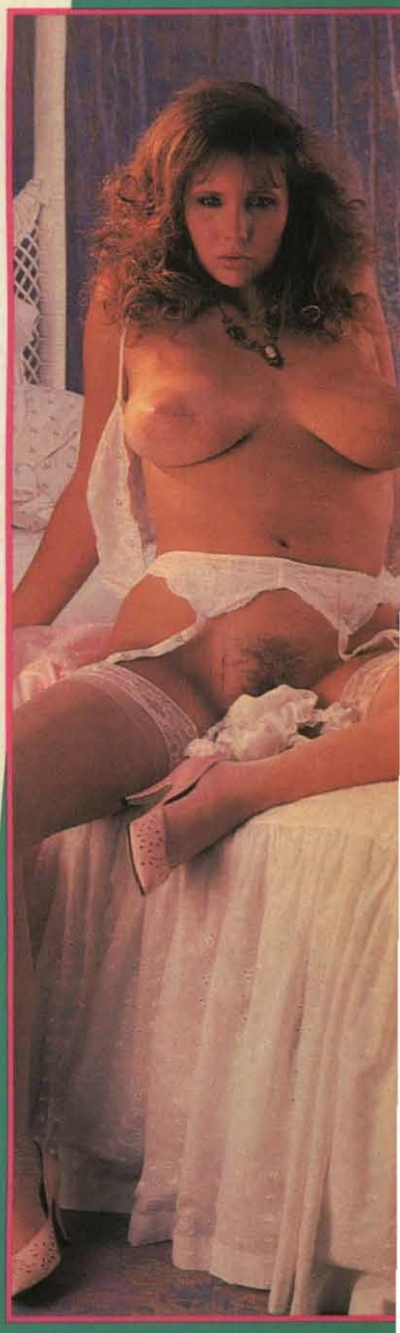
New evidence is surfacing that the chemical Agent Orange produces the same horrific effects as the deadly AIDS virus, putting thousands of Vietnam vets at high risk of contracting the disease. In an exclusive report, HUSTLER Associate Editor Michael DiGregorio chronicles the Agent Orange/AIDS connection and discovers some startling revelations.

PRISON—THE *REAL* STORY

If you've ever wondered what prison life is really like, you won't want to miss "Prison Guard Tells All." This HUSTLER exclusive is a gritty firsthand account by ex-San Quentin guard William Yount, who doesn't hesitate to tell all. You won't read it anywhere else.

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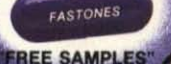
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